

*Yes Count*

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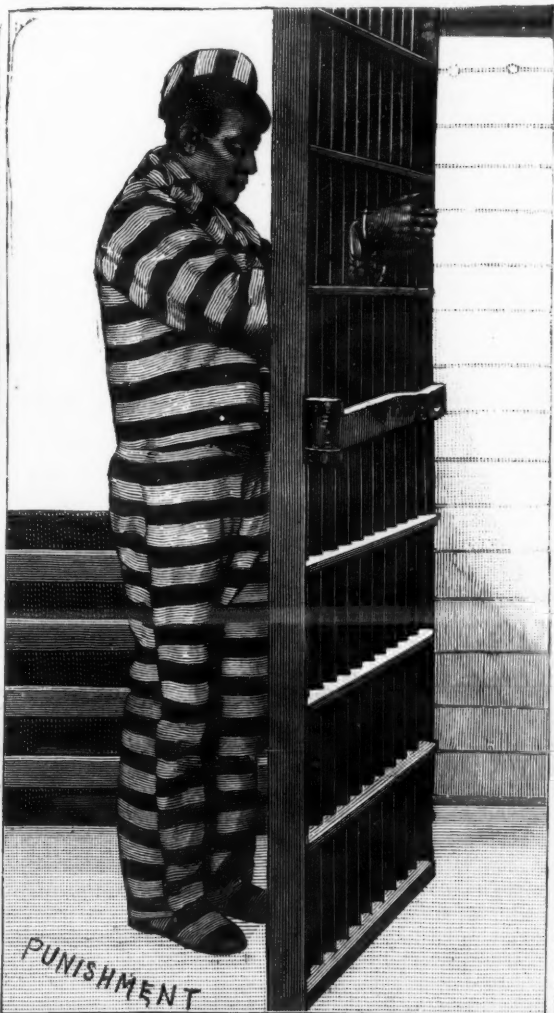
No. 1,695.—VOL. LXVI.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 10, 1888.

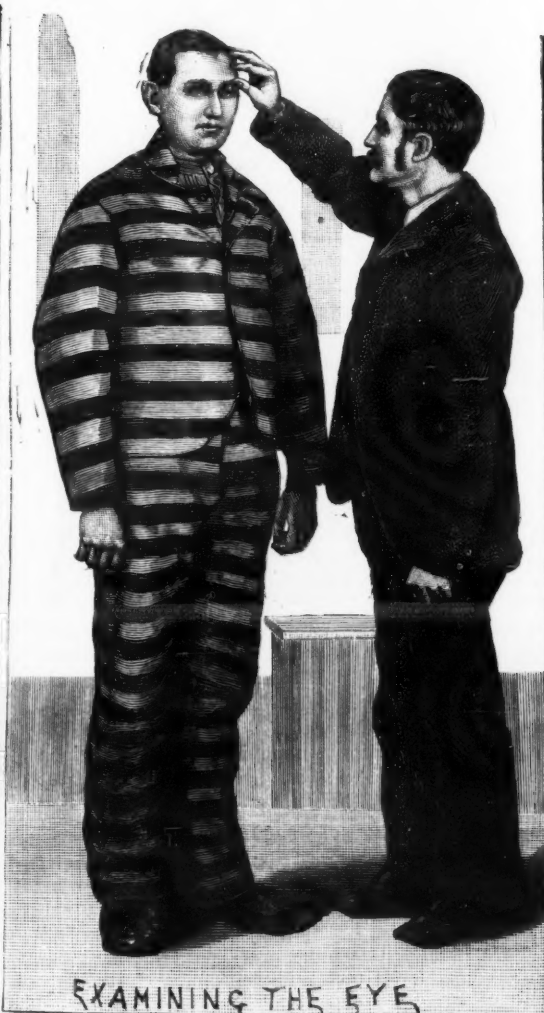
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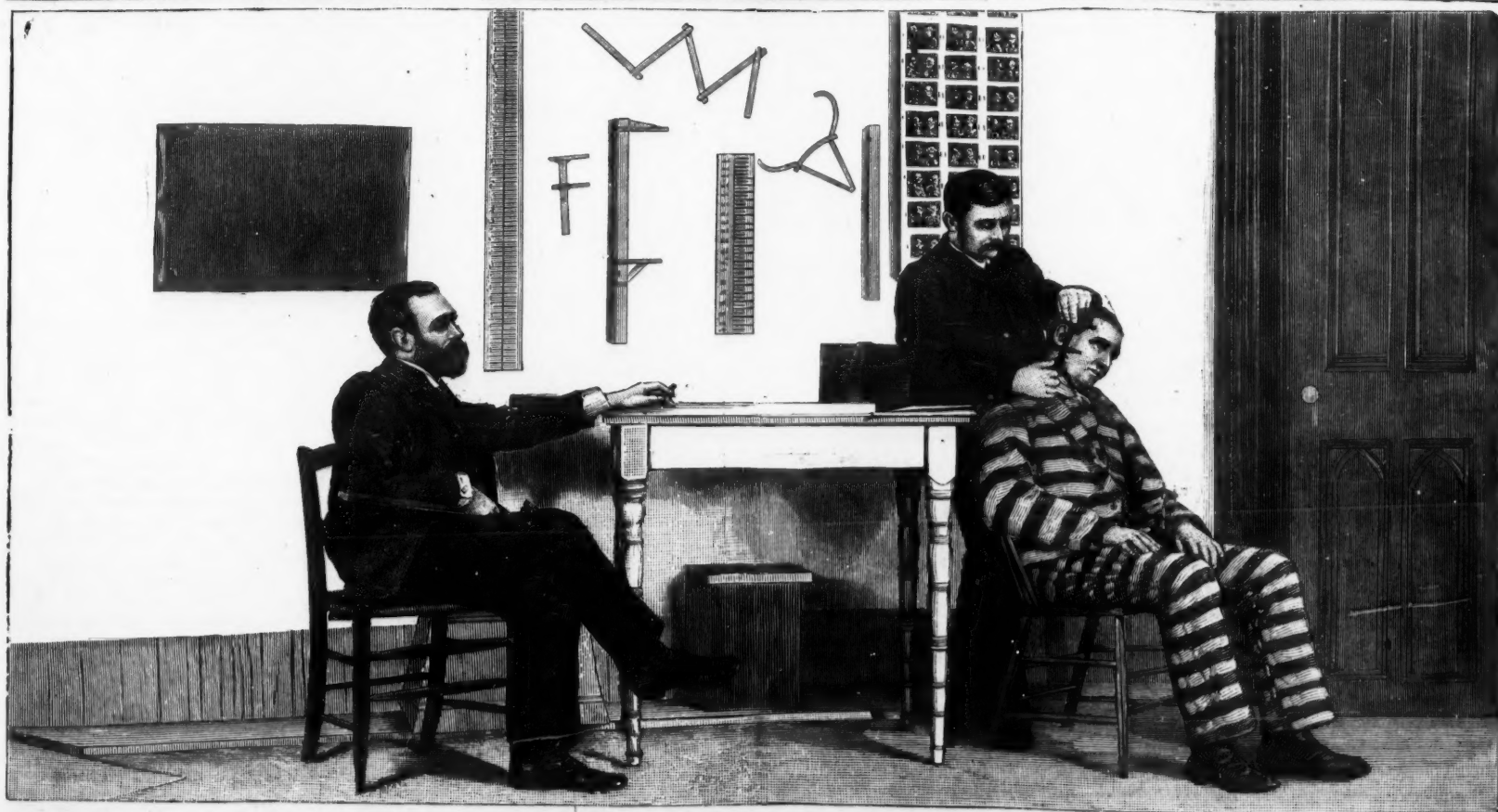
THE LEFT MIDDLE FINGER



PUNISHMENT



EXAMINING THE EYE



THE OPERATING ROOM.

ILLINOIS.—THE NEW SYSTEM OF IDENTIFYING PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS AS PRACTICED AT THE JOLIET PRISON.  
FROM PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 55.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1888.

### THE TRUST INVESTIGATION.

THE legislative investigation of the subject of Trusts is likely to furnish the only immediately effective remedy for their evils, and that is, publicity. It is all very well to say that Trusts are, as we believe them to be, illegal and void, as combinations in restraint of trade, and that the laws as they stand are sufficient, whenever they are invoked, to invalidate them, as tending to destroy competition, which is favored by public policy. But in the case of gigantic combinations like the Standard Oil Trust, the probability is that the law will not be invoked in any appreciable degree. The courts only act in individual cases, and move only on defined lines and by slow and methodical processes. The judges are not missionaries nor reformers. And while the individual cases are dragging their slow length along the courts, the immense machinery of these large combinations will be moving all the same. What the engineers of this machinery fear is, not the results of individual litigation, but the effect of a widespread public sentiment, and the blaze of publicity as to their methods. Therefore, the best remedy for the real evils of the system is to turn on the lights and expose the workings of the system, lest the evils become chronic and intolerable.

In the case of the Standard Oil Trust, there does not seem to be much disposition to conceal the facts. Much of the machinery is exposed. It appears that a large number of corporations engaged in producing and transporting oil have combined, and have, in the modern phrase, "pooled their issues." Their united capital amounts to some \$90,000,000, and on this capital they divide large profits. The oil exported during the last twenty-four years amounted to \$895,000,000 in value. The oil product of the country is shown to be about 27,000,000 barrels annually. The testimony of the Standard Oil magnates shows further that in 1861 3,000,000 barrels of crude oil were produced, while in 1887 the product was 27,000,000; and that in 1861 the cost was fifty-two cents per barrel, while in 1887 it was sixty-six cents at the well. They show that they have reduced the cost of running a barrel to New York to forty-five cents, and that 500,000 barrels are sold each day at the exchange. It is also shown that the price to the consumer is not only lower, but steady, varying not over ten cents a day, while it formerly varied \$2 or \$3 in a day. And they claim, justly, that the quality is much better.

These revelations are, of course, intended to convince the people that their true interests are served by this great combination. But they do not alter the fact that monopolies are always dangerous, and destructive of that spirit of competition which is the soul of wholesome trade. It is right and proper that corporations dealing with such a vast subject as this should seek, within proper limitations, to guard against possible financial dangers. On a greater or less scale this is done in all sorts of business requiring large outlays of capital. But Trusts are different from ordinary combinations. They are formed, for the most part, for the express purpose of evading all responsibility to the constituted authorities, and escaping taxation and legislative supervision. The trifling benefits which may result in the economies of management and the occasional cheapening, as in the case of oil, of articles of general use, do not in any sense compensate for the mischiefs of the system. As to this whole subject, the really important duty is to guard against abuses, and to protect the public from the unreasonable impositions of a grasping monopoly in any branch of business bearing directly upon the welfare of the people.

### VIOLATING CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

THE old evil of employing Government officials as political workers has cropped out again in a circular addressed to postmasters and signed by T. E. Benedict, the Public Printer, and I. H. Maynard, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. This circular requests these Government employes to use time which is paid for by the Government in collecting lists of voters and designating their politics, these lists to be used "for the purpose of distributing documents discussing public questions." Another circular, asking for aid in this work, was sent to various Democratic politicians. It is hardly necessary to say that this attempt to press Federal officials into political missionary work is a flagrant violation of the spirit, and it may be added of the letter, of Civil Service rules. Under Section 2 of the Act it is declared that "no person in the public service is for that reason under obligations to contribute to any political fund or to render any political service, and that he will not be removed or otherwise prejudiced for refusing to do so;" also that "no person in said service has any right to use his official authority or influence to coerce the political action of any person or body." It is perfectly evident that these letters mean a return to the old system of regarding Federal office-holders as active parts of a political machine—precisely the condition which President Cleveland pledged himself to prevent. The fact that such things were habitually done

under Republican administrations is no excuse for this step backward. Messrs. Maynard and Benedict are paid by the Government, and it is their duty to attend to the business of the Government, as it is the duty of the postmasters who are asked to commit the additional impropriety of furnishing addresses learned by them in the course of official business. It is now said that the circulars will be withdrawn and the attempt to compel officials to act as partisan canvassers will be abandoned; but it is obvious that this course, if taken, will be due to the popular condemnation of the original purpose, and not to any real unwillingness to violate the law. The fact that the attempt has been made to turn the whole postal system into a party machine is quite sufficient to show the utter hollowness of Democratic professions of sympathy with Civil Service Reform.

### THE TARIFF BILL.

THE Tariff Bill prepared by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee, and last week given to the public, is already provoking violent criticism, and its passage in its present shape is more than doubtful. It will be opposed by the solid vote of the Republicans, while the indications are that Mr. Randall and his Protectionist followers will withhold their support unless it shall be modified in several essential features.

This Bill, contrary to public expectation, deals only with the duties on imports, the Committee having decided to provide in a separate Bill for the repeal of internal revenue taxation. Estimates of the reductions in revenue affected by the Bill have not been completed in detail, but the aggregate, according to the best information in the hands of the Committee, is fixed at \$55,000,000. Of this total, the free list will furnish \$22,500,000; the reduction in woollens and iron and steel, \$17,250,000; on sugar, \$11,000,000; on china and glassware, \$1,600,000; on cotton goods, \$500,000; on flax, hemp and jute, 1,800,000, and on chemicals, \$750,000. In the free list are included salt, tinplate, cotton ties, textile grasses and vegetable fibres, and a great variety of metal, chemical and mineral products. The item of free cotton ties is to catch the vote of the cotton-growing districts. Free wool is the leading feature of the Bill, and it is around this provision that the liveliest controversy will centre. As to metals, the reductions are much smaller than at first contemplated. Iron ore and other leading items are not touched, and the aggregate reductions do not reach \$2,000,000. The duty on steel rails is reduced from seventeen dollars to eleven dollars a ton. Sugars are reduced by about 22 per cent., and the rebate on refined is abolished. The reductions on earthen and glassware are made mainly upon the higher rates, while on cottons they are comparatively slight. Silks are not touched. In the hemp, jute and flax schedule, the reductions are proportionate to the removal of duty on the raw materials.

It is obvious that the Bill has been framed without any controlling reference to established economic principles. It is not in any sense a measure of tariff revision. The *Commercial Bulletin*, speaking for the mercantile community, correctly characterizes it when it says "that it is an attempt to patch the old tariff rather than construct a revised and equalized one, and is disappointing in its failure to substitute specific for *ad valorem* duties, and its adoption of the opposite course. In other respects it abandons at many points principles and objects for which the Administration would have contended."

The Bill with which Mr. Randall will antagonize the Committee measure provides, according to reports, for a gross reduction of \$80,000,000; namely, \$60,000,000 in the internal revenue taxes and \$20,000,000 in customs duties. "It proposes to take the tax off of tobacco, reduce the tax on whisky from ninety to fifty cents a gallon and remove it entirely from spirits used in the arts. His Bill is said to contain no free wool, coal or ores, but does put lumber and salt on the free list. It adopts a metal schedule that is satisfactory to the iron and steel associations of Pittsburgh, making small reductions in the duties on pig iron and steel rails, and places a large number of articles on the free list." It is understood that the Republican minority of the Ways and Means Committee will also present a Bill embodying the propositions upon which that party will go to the people in the coming national canvass.

### THE TWO-THIRDS RULE.

THE two-thirds rule and the voting of States as a unit, which were handled so successfully in Mr. Cleveland's interest in the Democratic National Convention of 1884, will be the greatest obstacles he will have to contend with in that of 1888. A plurality in favor of his re-nomination might doubtless be counted on in any Democratic Convention that could now be elected. But if the States vote as a unit in the Convention of 1888, it cannot be predicted now that the votes of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Louisiana, Michigan, Massachusetts or Tennessee will send Cleveland delegations. There will be a powerful coalition throughout these States against his so-called free-trade programme, and it will be backed by a sentiment which in the Convention of 1884 was able to tie the Committee on Resolutions. There are no facts on which to assume that an alleged conviction which won the support of half the States, by count, in the convention that nominated Mr. Cleveland, can be

strangled and suppressed by a vote of two-thirds of the States in a new convention. Free trade has not been made one whit stronger in the minds of the people by Cleveland's advocacy of it. His screed on the silver question, pressed on the attention of Congress from Albany, before his inexperienced eyes had yet rested on the dome of the Capitol at Washington, though approved by many financiers, was peremptorily snubbed by the adverse vote of Congress before he had had time to take his coronation oath. This vote alone sufficiently proved that while the Democratic party was willing to do as much for Cleveland as he could do for it, there are fixed limits to its subserviency. It will be willing he should go with a third of the Democratic party if he chooses, in preference to the two-thirds, but he must not attempt to compel the other two-thirds to go with him, unless he keeps offices enough open to go around.

As Mr. Cleveland could have had the next National Convention in New York if he or his friends had desired it, the choice of St. Louis may be taken as expressing his and their conviction that at present his national strength is somewhat greater than his local. As, while running for Governor, he was stronger in the State of New York than in Buffalo, so in his campaign for President he is stronger outside of, than in, New York. The wider his verdure extends in its green amplitude the larger is the hollow space left by his decay in the region where his earliest vigor was manifested. As Buffalo found no difficulty in electing a Republican Congressman, as a means of declaring that the President's influence was least where he was best known, New York may repeat the lesson on a larger scale in the National Convention. At present Mr. Cleveland's position is a strong one. But it is just this kind of previous strength to which the two-thirds rule in the Democratic and the unit rule in the Republican Convention have proved fatal.

### EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES FOR WOMEN.

THE long effort to obtain for women an equal share in the educational advantages of Columbia College has entered upon a new phase, and a strong movement has been begun for the establishment of an "annex," or practically a college for women, under the protection of Columbia, corresponding to the present School of Arts. It was in December, 1876, that the first attempt was made to secure the higher education of women at Columbia. The petition came from Sorosis, whose members urged upon the Board of Trustees the admission of women to college classes, but the petition was laid upon the table. Three years later, there was another failure. In 1882 an association was formed to promote the higher education of women, and the next year another petition was presented to the Columbia Trustees. Finally, the plan of examination of women by Columbia professors was adopted, and in 1886 Columbia gave a degree to a woman for the first time.

The advocates of higher education for women have therefore gained ground step by step. But the time seems to have arrived for the granting of more generous privileges, and if this were done it cannot be doubted that the number of women students would be greatly increased. Thus far, thirty-eight young women have availed themselves of the restricted opportunities which have been offered. Of this number, twenty-nine are students at present. Of the nine who have left the college, Miss M. P. Hankey, who died a few weeks since, received a diploma last June; Miss W. H. Edgerton was made a Doctor of Philosophy *cum laude* the previous year; Miss A. D. Smith obtained a certificate of proficiency, and Miss Annie Nathan, now the wife of Dr. Alfred Meyer, is leading the movement for the establishment of an "annex." Under the present system, the young women take the regular curriculum and examinations, and obtain certificates, but they are said to be left largely to their own resources. There is felt to be a pressing need of more thorough and systematic instruction, and of the regular training and routine of college life, with its lectures, class contact, and inspiring associations. The proposed "annex" would have the same staff of instructors as the School of Arts, and would sustain to the college very much the relations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The movement in favor of this plan is indorsed by many of the ablest clergymen, physicians, educators and other professional men and women of the city, and it can be only a question of a short time when the advantages of New York's strongest educational institution shall be open to women on exactly the same terms as men.

### THE HUNGRY HOSTESS.

THERE is little in life more pathetic and distressful, and yet withal more silly, than a hungry hostess. There may be misery in the thought that for our sakes the poor bored creature at the foot of the table is enduring the thought of food and drink, but it is the tickle of a butterfly's wing compared with the blow of sitting at a feast a-hungered and athirst, and watching a hostess who has forgotten your very existence. Nowadays the whole plan of a dinner is intended to be subservient to the impression it makes, and it is much more impossible for an ugly and stupid woman to give a dinner that shall please every sense than for a pretty woman to cause forgetfulness to spread its wings over bad cooking and warm wine. A perfect hostess impresses her guests in the proper fashion only when she embodies pleasure, beauty and general charm. She does not see only the waiters and the *plats*, but remembers the man at her right and the man at her left, and the men and women beyond. This same hostess, giving an afternoon tea, does not sit a-sipping and a-sipping in blessed comfort, while her guests pine in vain for the cup that cheers and on occasion takes a hand at intoxicating. And last, but not least, when she entertains a Chinese Minister at an afternoon reception, she does not take Mr. Chang by the arm and walk him off to the buffet in the dining-room, completely forgetting the people on the other side of the closed doors and what they are thinking about. That is what happened this last week, inasmuch as about six people saw the hostess take her "Celestial guest's" arm, and boldly got up and followed her to the dining-room; by some chance the door was shut, and while Mrs. Hostess and Mr. Chinese waxed warm and fed behind the closed doors, other people stood in the hall and asked themselves whether they were expected to go or stay. Which they decided to do might have been imagined by one who saw the lady's blank look when she had finished her repast and returned to her empty drawing-rooms. And



that one might well have added the burden of our present song: "Woe, oh, woe! for the day which gives us a hungry hostess!"

### THE SITUATION IN ABYSSINIA.

**K**ING JOHN of Abyssinia is now reported to have summoned all his people to arms and advanced from the plain of Axum, an historic site of Ethiopia where the Kings of his race have been crowned for centuries. It was there that this young potentate, then but twenty-eight years of age, went through the coronation rites of the Amharic State in 1867, almost immediately after the sudden fall and death of Theodore, the very opposite in character and tendencies of the present monarch. Theodore, spurred on by designing European adventurers, burned the churches, despoiled the capital city of Adowa, and started out on a grand agnostic craze, which wound up in the English invasion and his overthrow at Magdala. At his death, it was fortunate that John, or Johannez, then a devout young chief, was chosen his successor. He was then austere in his Christian piety, but equally true to the ancient Abyssinian tradition that Europeans must not interfere with the government or territory of his people. This he proclaimed at his installation on the plains of Axum, which took place in the presence of millions of Abyssinians gathered from the mountains, plains and valleys to carry on the festivities for three days, during which Tej wine, brewed from honey, was the only beverage of the loyal masses.

Soon after his accession to power the young King was menaced by threatened invasions of his kingdom on all sides, not only from the potentates, male and female, of adjoining provinces of Abyssinia not under his sway, but from the Egyptian army of the Soudan and from expeditions of the Khedive sent by way of the Red Sea. All of these attacks, some of them made on a great scale of modern military equipment, he repelled triumphantly, driving the invaders from the soil with disastrous losses—in fact, literally annihilating each and every expedition bent on conquest. He worked his warriors up to the highest pitch of patriotic frenzy, and his determination—that of his predecessors for eight centuries—to preserve intact Abyssinia for the Abyssinians, has been successfully maintained against what seem incredible odds.

To the Western Powers this resolute determination of those hardy mountaineers to keep their territory inviolate appears anomalous; indeed, from all evidence it is regarded as an impertinent piece of arrogance on the part of Johannez and his subjects. Yet if the comity of nations be appealed to, these native races, by no means as barbarous as represented by the majority of commentators, have certain rights which they are only asserting in their heroic resistance to the Italians. Many times since the twelfth century the sovereigns of Europe, and the Pope as well, have been besought by the Abyssinian monarchs to send them skilled artisans, builders, workers in the metals, artists and musicians, to instruct their subjects in peaceful industry—but not to send political schemers and professors in the art of government. Sometimes there has been a response, but the result has generally been interference in the affairs of the State, and an effort to get up a foreign propaganda that would be ultimately followed by an European invasion. The fact is, Italy has been one of the worst offenders against the territorial integrity of Abyssinia, seeking empire on the Red Sea and an outlet into the rich interior of Abyssinia, the wealth of which country is fully attested by every traveler. The Marquis of Antinori died at an advanced age on the frontier, having been since boyhood a political agent of Italy. He was thoroughly cognizant of the native resources of the country, of the possibilities which its conquest could be made to exhibit after the introduction of railways and telegraphs, and it is to the long labors of this man that these military expeditions are due.

A recent report indicates that the Italians propose to recall some of the troops sent to Abyssinia, but a further statement that Bismarck had advised a complete withdrawal from the country is not confirmed. The campaign will no doubt be vigorously prosecuted, but a successful outcome will hardly be achieved without vast expenditure of blood and treasure.

### THE MIDNIGHT PIE AND PICKLE.

**T**HERE were great doings, it is said, at Vassar College on Washington's last birthday, and each dear girl tried her best to outdo all the other dear girls in the mannishness of her Colonial garb and the bravery of her manner and speech, to say nothing of the strength of her attack upon the apple-sauce, baked beans and doughnuts which constituted the feast. The only point about this orgie that is not quite satisfying to the old girl graduates is that it was so entirely pleasing to the Faculty. There is nothing so delightful in childhood or college days to look back upon as some little scrape that was carried through *sub rosa*. Permission to hold a feminine "orgie" for two hours even, with ice-cream and a string band as extras, never gave half the pleasure that a surreptitious spread at midnight did, even if there was nothing to eat but pickles and pie, and conversation and giggles were alike held in whispers. It is all very well for grown people like ourselves to talk to the young folks of never having done anything that was not according to rule in our youthful school days, but when we get together and go over the old times, one story is apt to bring out another, until there is a pretty fair showing of raids on the larder and midnight indigestions. There has been a great change during the last few years in the methods adopted for keeping girls and boys children as long as possible, inasmuch as the first and most emphatic rule of good disciplinarians is to keep their heads and hands so busy with other things that they have no time for excursions into forbidden fields.

But fine as this scheme is, it needs always the saving provision of a certain amount of blindness now and then. There is nothing that is so necessary in the discipline of a baby as for the mother to be able to "play blind," and there is nothing that so helps young people to be contented as a glimpse at eternal vigilance when taking a nap. Innocent mysteries hurt no one, and if the young folks think them the most diabolical wickedness, it only speaks louder than words could do of their own snow-white souls.

### THE NATIONAL ART COMMISSION.

**T**HE passage by the Senate of the Bill establishing a National Art Commission is something on which the country is not to be congratulated. The Commission is to be composed of fourteen persons, four of whom shall be eminent sculptors, four eminent painters, three eminent architects, and three eminent for knowledge and good taste in art. These eminent persons are to report upon the character and value of plans of public buildings, monuments, and works of art, and to make selections from designs offered in competition, and generally to take care of public taste in art. The final decision, however, as to plans and projects, is left, as now, with Congress or the heads of departments.

As a method for disposing of surplus funds in the Treasury, the

Commission is an excellent invention. It has its uses also, and perhaps its chief use, in providing enviable positions for eminent sculptors and their compeers who can bring to bear the right kind of influence; but for the ostensible purpose set forth in the Bill, the creation of this Commission is more wonderfully foolish than anything that has been done in the way of government since Ismail solemnly went through the farce of constituting an Egyptian Parliament. What Ismail knew about Parliaments, Senator Hoar, who fathers this Bill, knows about art; only that and nothing more. If the Massachusetts Senator had any respect for art, he would know that it is not to be made to order by Commissions, nor by Congresses, nor by decrees, whether of a Khedive or of a majority. An artist who has anything in him will refuse to be salaried as one of four "eminent" men in painting or sculpture; and no real artist would have the faintest chance of carrying an award for his design on his merits alone from such a Commission as would be constituted under this Act. Senator Plumb was far within bounds when he said that the Commission would develop into an institution that would cost the Government \$100,000—a year; and he might have added that it would fill the country with artistic scarecrows.

**DR. MCGLYNN** is not only vanquishing Henry George in the Labor Assemblies, but he is getting the better of him in the courts, where he has just obtained a permanent injunction restraining George and his followers from incorporating an anti-poverty society. Having thus established his patent, it is to be presumed that the priestly inventor will proceed at once to abolish poverty and all its evils. Possibly Mr. George may not be altogether sorry that that job is fairly off his hands.

**THE** latest reports from San Remo indicate only too plainly that the German Crown Prince is doomed. While the official bulletins persist in declaring that the symptoms of the royal patient are "satisfactory," the advices from private sources show that the worst is anticipated, and that the German Court has practically abandoned hope. The Crown Prince himself, so far as can be judged from the obscure reports, remains calm and undisturbed, facing the inevitable with the same manly courage which General Grant, under circumstances very similar, uniformly displayed. Not in Germany alone, but in all countries where lofty character and upright manliness find appreciation, the decease of the illustrious sufferer at San Remo will be sincerely lamented.

**THE** Republicans of Ohio seem to be determined to adhere to the anti-saloon policy marked out two years ago. They have just passed a township local-option law through the Legislature, and have supplemented this by passing in the Lower House an Act closing all saloons on Sunday. Under the old law, city and village councils were vested with power to permit or prevent traffic in liquor on Sunday, and the liquor-dealers were generally able to get what they wanted. But the new Act puts them under absolute restraint, and there is, among the Germans especially, a clamorous protest, with threats of ruin to the party that has dared to declare itself on the side of an orderly Sabbath. These threats will no doubt be carried out to some extent; but the better sentiment of the State will certainly sustain the legislation and those who enact it.

**AN** editorial writer, replying in our esteemed religious contemporary, the *Herald and Presbyter*, to "A Troubled Mother" who asks his opinion upon progressive euchre, has no hesitation in assuring her that it is a desperately wicked game. Of course he has never played it, nor even seen it played; but he has "read enough about it to have a general idea of its relation to that euchre which was the great gambling game forty years ago. I know by observation," he continues, "how fascinating that game was. Men who thought they had a full hand would bet all that they were worth; and, often, he who sat down to the card-table owning tens of thousands would get up from it a bankrupt before morning." It is painfully evident that our good Presbyterian brother has condemned the modern parlor game on the strength of his recollections of plain, stalwart, old-fashioned poker!

**THE** daily Press has recounted with much zest the disbanding of the National Opera Company at Washington, the arrest and acquittal of Manager Locke on the evidently unjust charge of issuing worthless checks with fraudulent intent, and the forlorn arrival of the performers in New York. This is practically the end of a long history of struggles against inevitable disaster. Various over-ambitious amateurs undertook more than they could possibly carry out. Their dreams of a great American Conservatory and representative opera company were beautiful, but only dreams, which have ended in debt, sheriff's seizures, lawsuits and total wreck. The simple fact is that grand opera cannot be put upon a paying basis. Mapleson was always behindhand with his Italian opera. The German opera seasons have been remarkably successful, and yet there have been pecuniary deficits each year, as well as when Mr. Abbey opened the Metropolitan Opera House. Abroad, grand opera succeeds only where it is subsidized by the Government. The plan for American opera was patriotic, although there were really few American performers, but it was not wise.

**THE** statistician to the Boston Board of Health, Dr. McConnell, demonstrates an extraordinary increase in the number of deaths from heart disease. In 1850 the proportion of deaths from this cause to the total number was 1.42 per cent.; in 1855, 2 per cent.; in 1866, over 3 per cent.; in 1874, 4 per cent.; in 1879, 5 per cent.; and in 1886, 6.26 per cent. Dr. McConnell gives no explanation of this remarkable increase, but he disproves the popular notion that the use of tobacco is the aggravating cause, by showing that women suffer from heart disease even more than men. Out of 481 deaths in 1886, 326 were women, against 255 men; but perhaps the value of this comparison is affected by the fact that there are many more women than men in Massachusetts. Perhaps, moreover, changes in the diagnostic methods of physicians have affected the causes of death given for registration. But the prevalence of heart disease seems explicable by the tremendous haste and waste and nervous tension of modern life. Every one lives faster and harder, and while steam and electricity make this possible and even necessary, yet nature demands payment, after all.

**FOR** a great many years conscientious publicists have been laboring to introduce regular business methods into the conduct of Federal affairs, and it is a strange instance of perversion and retrogression when the old-fashioned spoils system is suddenly introduced into the conduct of a commercial enterprise. Yet this is what Senator Gorman and his henchmen seem likely to do in the case of the unfortunate Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Gorman had himself appointed a State director, and controlled the appointment of the others, and has apparently succeeded in having the Baltimore city directors appointed by a subservient City Council. Mean-

time he and his organs have been crying down the negotiations with the Drexel-Morgan syndicate. His plan seems to be to break off these negotiations, to control the road through his henchmen, to use it as a political machine, and finally, it is said, to wreck it, as Democratic politicians wrecked the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This is a sad prospect for Baltimore and Ohio stockholders, who will learn a bitter lesson in regard to the unwisdom of mixing politics and business, to say nothing of the manifest impropriety and inevitable demoralization in the service.

**THE** report that Austria agrees with Russia in holding that Prince Ferdinand is illegally present in Bulgaria, while she recognizes his election as legal, has not been contradicted; neither has it been translated into common sense. A more admirable specimen of the solemn trifling which passes for diplomatic astuteness could hardly be found. Prince Ferdinand was elected legally, it is said, to the throne of Bulgaria, but it is illegal for him to be where his throne is. The seeming deadlock might be released without any great expenditure of intellect. Nothing could be easier than to dump the throne beyond the Bulgarian frontier and make Prince Ferdinand take his seat on it, to the instruction of the nations. The fact is that the notes, collective, identical, confidential, or other, that are now passing between the Powers, relate to nearly everything but the one great concern of every Minister—the war that is coming on apace. There is not one sign of relaxation in the girding up of the loins. The people are amused with protestations in favor of peace and soft words about harmonious relations, but the armies are in hand, waiting only for one electric touch.

**"RED-TAPE"** is red-tape, whether it be of silk, or cotton, or shoddy—the silk of the Supreme Court or the Department of State, the cotton of the routine of the State courts, or the shoddy of more plebeian, but none the less bothersome, disciples of Circumlocution, with a big C. At some time, in some way, it ensnares us all in its meshes—a stickler for sacred precedent, the bulwark of conservatism, the deadly enemy of progress. Nowhere, however, does the obstructive imp play more grotesque pranks with common-sense and palpable should-be methods than where he interferes with the practices of our Government in its management of army and navy affairs. Who does not recall the refusal to pass the account of an army officer, on duty in the last Indian campaign, because he did not advertise for bids for shoeing the horses of his command while engaged in a hot chase after Geronimo? And now, quite recently, United States Marshal McMahon has had trouble over the bill he rendered for hiring a tug to go to the relief of a burning United States vessel, being informed that he should have advertised for a certain number of days for bids for a tug for such service, after that, awarding the contract to save the vessel to the lowest bidder!

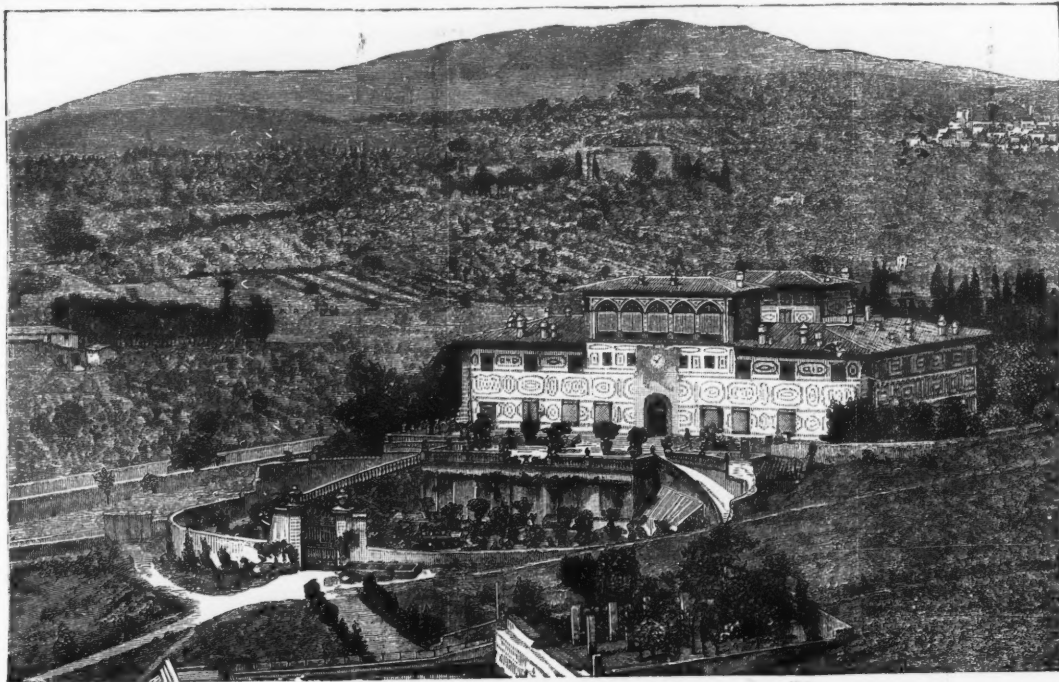
**THE** persistency with which certain newspapers insist that Mr. Blaine does not mean what he says in reference to the Presidential candidacy would be amusing if it did not reveal a malignity altogether dishonorable to American journalism. In his letter to the Chairman of the Republican National Committee Mr. Blaine declared in the most positive manner that his name would not be presented to the Republican Convention. Later, he supplemented this declaration by another, that his decision was final, and gave the reasons upon which it was based. By most people these explicit and emphatic avowals are accepted as closing the case. But the Mugwump newspapers still persist that Mr. Blaine is insincere, and refuse to give him the credit to which his candor entitles him. He means all the time, they say, to be a candidate, and is simply playing a game to ascertain the public temper and measure the probable effect of his declination. It is a satisfaction to believe that no intelligent person is deceived by these impertinent assumptions, and that the motive which inspires them is generally understood. The declarations of Mr. Blaine are to be treated precisely as those of any other man would be under like circumstances; and those, whether enemies or friends, who deny to him the right to decide for himself, or refuse to respect the decision he arrives at as to the matter in question, betray a spirit wholly reprehensible.

**THE** Prohibition politicians are a curious lot. In most States their supreme aim seems to be to make it impossible for rational people to support their views. Over in New Jersey the Legislature recently passed a high-license and local-option law under which the license fee is adjusted on a sliding scale of from \$250 to \$1,000, and the people of any county are permitted to vote upon the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic on the request in writing of one-tenth of the legal voters. The law was regarded by all right-thinking men as a long step forward, and as proposing in its local-option feature just what the Prohibitionists wanted. But the leaders of that party at once got together in convention, denounced the law as an abomination, and proceeded to organize for a fresh campaign on their own peculiar lines, knowing all the time that the effect of such a policy must be to disintegrate the temperance forces and augment the difficulty of achieving any real reform. It is simply inconceivable that men animated by an honest wish for the removal or abatement of the evils of the drink traffic would manifest a spirit so intolerant and unreasonable, and we are compelled to believe that with the Prohibition managers this is not the first or main desire. They are more anxious to build up a party and become politically important than to promote the best interests of temperance and the supremacy of sound morals.

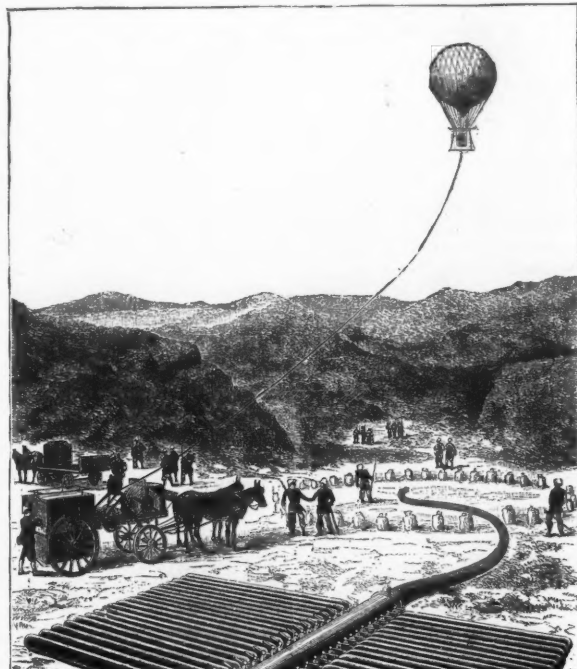
**THE** strike of the locomotive engineers on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad has met with a remarkable degree of public sympathy, due to the high and conservative character of the Brotherhood, and the fact that the strike was inaugurated in a quiet and orderly manner. The engineers asked that their pay be governed solely by the miles run, and that it be increased, that classification based upon length of service, age, or experience be abolished, and that there be no more examinations save such as may be agreed upon by the General Manager and representatives of the engineers. If the engineers themselves are willing to abolish classification, there seems to be no good reason for objection on the part of the railroad. As to the pay, it is impossible for outsiders to pass judgment unreservedly, but the railroad is a very wealthy one, making large returns to its stockholders, and the engineers certainly fill most responsible posts. These engineers, unlike the Knights of Labor, have not been in the habit of striking at the dictation of some irresponsible outsider, of "making the injury of one the concern of all," and most people will believe that they have a real grievance. They have attended to their own business, and left other people to do the same. They represent skilled labor, and nearly all the competent engineers in the country belong to the Brotherhood. Of course the strike has greatly deranged the traffic on the Burlington system, and the negotiations for an adjustment which at this writing are said to be in progress may be due equally to this fact and to a conviction that the public, the greatest sufferer in the case, will not sustain a prolonged struggle.



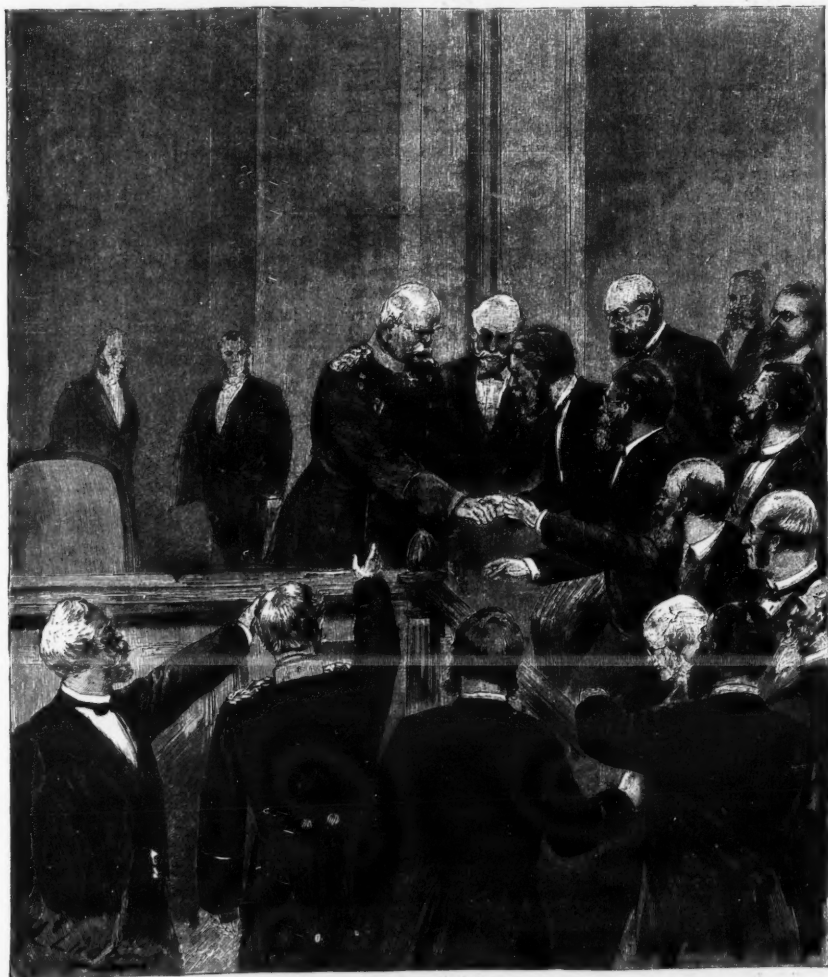
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



ITALY.—THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE, TO BE OCCUPIED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.



FRANCE.—EXPERIMENTING WITH A MILITARY BALLOON, FOR THE ITALIAN EXPEDITION IN ABYSSINIA.



GERMANY.—PRINCE BISMARCK CONGRATULATED BY HIS COLLEAGUES IN THE REICHSTAG.



ABYSSINIA.—CAPTURE OF NATIVE SPIES NEAR AN ITALIAN ADVANCE POST.



GERMANY.—AN ICE-CARROUSEL IN POMERANIA.



MOROCCO.—THE CARNIVAL AT SAFFI.





M. THEODORE DE BOUNDER, MINISTER FROM BELGIUM TO THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO. BY RICE.—SEE PAGE 55.



M. G. DE WECKHERLIN, MINISTER FROM THE NETHERLANDS TO THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO. BY RICE.—SEE PAGE 55.



MEXICO.—ERACLIO BERNAL, THE FAMOUS BANDIT, RECENTLY KILLED.  
SEE PAGE 54.



[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

## BLACK BLOOD: A PECULIAR CASE.

BY  
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S WIFE,"  
"THE PARSON O' DUMFORD," ETC., ETC.

BOOK I.—1815.—PRELIMINARIES OF THE STORY.

CHAPTER I.—HOW SIR JOHN TALKED TO HIS NIECE.

"GET out!" "But, uncle, dear." "Don't bother." "But really, uncle—" "Well, what is it? Here I've put it all before you in plain English. Phil says he loves you, and he wants to marry you; Anthony says he loves you, and he wants to marry you."

"Yes, uncle, I know all that."

"Oh, you know all that, do you? And now, woman-like, you want to know about the money."

"For shame, uncle; I do not."

"Oh, yes, you do. I can see through you. Well, Phil's income will be just about the same as his cousin Anthony's."

"Uncle, I wish you wouldn't talk about money."

"Shall I Phil will be Sir Philip some day, when the gravedigger has pitched the clay in upon my coffin, and danced his grim death-hornpipe over my bones."

"Uncle, dear uncle!"

"Yah! If you dare to cry! Now don't, Mil. I do hate you to

BLACK BLOOD.—"AMELIA VAUGHAN CAUGHT THE ERRING MAID BY THE ARM." . . . "THE YOUNG MAN KEPT HIS FACE AVERTED."

flop all over me like that; and you're wetting my face. There's a tear in my whiskers. It's all sham, you gypsy. You'll be glad when I'm gone, and you want to marry Phil and be 'her ladyship,' you transparent jade."

"Then I won't marry anybody, uncle, just to show how you malign me."

"Well, I've a right to malign you, if I like. Do you suppose because you are tall and good-looking, and the young fellows are casting sheeps' eyes at you, that you are not to be scolded when I please."

"I don't mind being scolded, uncle dear; but when I come to you for advice, I don't like you to tease me."

"I don't tease you. I only come to have a quiet nap, and you sneak in and bother me about your lovers."

"Oh, uncle!"

"Well, so you do. Hang Phil! Hang Anthony! Marry 'em both."

"Now, uncle, do be sensible, dear."

"There, then, I will. Which are you to accept?"

"Yes, dear."

"What a question for a woman. Precious plain that you don't like either of them. And if I advise one you'll take t'other."

"Oh, I do; indeed I do, dear uncle. I like them both very, very much."

"Oh, you female Bluebeard! For shame!"

"I thought you were going to be sensible, uncle."

"So I am, my dear, so that I may get rid of you. Now then, to begin. Phil my boy's a good, stout, manly young fellow, a bit wild, but only wants a wife to steady him. On the other hand, he's a soldier, and, though we've boxed up Nap, there'll be war again, and he'll always be going abroad with his regiment, and breaking your heart."

"But I should go with him, uncle."

"Humph! Phil's chance seems good. Then Anthony's a good, grave, gentlemanly student, who loves books, nature, and his fishing-rod. Better-looking than Phil. Better name, too. Phil Cope—Anthony Cope—Saint Anthony! Ah! never thought of that before. Great fisherman. St. Anthony preached to the fishes. Our Anthony does the same with a hook! Well, there, I've put them both before you; have which you like. Which is it?"



"Really, uncle, I don't think I'll have either. I don't want to be married."

Sir John Cope, florid, elderly and stout, wrinkled his forehead and gazed in a perplexed fashion at his handsome, graceful niece as she looked at him laughingly, and then shook his head.

"But the boys do, you see; and you're staying over here on purpose."

"Cousins oughtn't to marry," said the young lady, archly.

"But you are seven-hundredth cousins, and I'm not a real uncle, my dear. There, I want to think about the poachers who are ruining my peace."

"What! Phil and Anthony, who want to steal me, uncle?"

"No—no—no—no. Now do let it drop, there's a good girl. These matters will settle themselves. It's very evident, as I said, that you don't care a sou for either of the boys."

"Oh, yes, I do, uncle."

"Then take the good the gods provide you."

"But which is the good, uncle?"

"Both of 'em! None of 'em! Bother! Be off!"

Sir John Cope closed his eyes tightly, and threw himself back in his easy-chair in the recess of the gloomy old library at Rampton Manor, North Devon, and pretended to snore, while Amelia Vaughan stood with the sun shining down in one broad bar of light through the stained glass escutcheon of the window, and shedding the many hues over her luxuriant hair.

"Uncle's right," she said, softly, after looking at him thoughtfully for a few moments. "I don't love either of them. But I do like Anthony; he is so kind and attentive. And dear old Phil! I wish they would not bother. It's so pleasant with dear uncle when they are away; and yet it's so nice when they come—to read with Anthony, and to ride with Phil. How stupid of them not to be content to go on as we are."

#### CHAPTER II.—MADGE GIVES HER OPINIONS.

AMELIA VAUGHAN, calm, matter-of-fact adept as she was in domestic matters, prime ruler in Sir John Cope's household, was now in the position most troublesome to a motherless girl, who is without the womanly friend who would help her in such a strait.

There was an innate feeling, though, that she might very well leave the adjudication upon her future to her heart, and in this spirit she went up to her room, resolved to think no more about the cousins Philip and Anthony Cope, till she met them at dinner; and to divert her attention she summoned her maid, Madge Brown, to assist her, in her room, in that delight of the female mind—a good rummage.

Margery, commonly called Madge, answered the bell directly, and fished into the room, if the expression be allowable, like a little cricket. She was a wonderful contrast to her tall, blonde, graceful mistress, being a little dark, black-haired creature, full of suppressed energy, and with dark eyes, which seemed to be boring and tapping everything they lighted upon for information.

"Want me, miss? Clear out the drawers, miss? Yes, miss."

Madge went to work vigorously—too vigorously, her mistress thought, as she saw the contents of the bottom drawer of the chest strewn roughly over the floor.

"Do be more careful, Madge. You are so very spasmodic and jerky. I'm always complaining about it."

"Yes, miss, you are," sighed the little maid.

"I wish I wasn't so stupid."

"You are not at all stupid, Madge. You are only too sharp."

The girl's dark eyes flashed, as she busily emptied the drawer.

"It's enough to make any one sharp, miss, living here."

"I do not understand you, Madge. Are you not comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, miss, I'm comfortable enough; only I don't like to see servants giving themselves such airs."

"Now, Madge, what petty nonsense is this! Have I not told you that I will not listen to the little-tattle of the servants' hall?"

"Oh, very well, miss," cried the girl, half burying herself in the big drawer. "I won't say another word, but it worries me, 'specially when I've seen what I've seen about you and Captain Cope."

"Madge! How dare you!"

"There, now you're angry with me, miss, and I was obliged to speak."

"I am more grieved than angry, Madge. I thought you knew your place better."

"I do, miss; but, oh, please don't think any more about the captain."

"Madge, what do you mean?" cried her mistress, startled out of etiquette into simple nature.

"Well, miss, I did say as wild horses shouldn't drag it out of me, but I must speak, miss: I don't think he's any good."

"Madge!"

"I do, miss, and I'm sorry to say it; for he's such a nice, big, handsome-looking young gentleman, when he's in that lovely uniform with the gold lace all over his breast and back."

"Madge, be silent!" cried her young mistress, imperiously.

"Yes, miss."

"No; go on, and say what you mean."

"Yes, miss, my grandmother always told me that you mustn't trust a young man with curly dark-brown hair, and gray eyes, and freckled face."

"Oh! your grandmother! Speak out directly, girl, and say what you mean!"

"I mean, miss, I shouldn't like to see my dear young mistress married to a handsome rake, who is always kissing the servants."

"Madge! Who does?"

"Why, the captain, miss."

"Madge, how dare you!" cried her mistress, with flaming cheeks. "It is not true."

"It is true, miss," cried the girl, defiantly, as she raised her face, "and you can almost see the marks now on my cheek where he scrubbed me with his nasty rough chin."

"Madge!"

"You needn't say 'Madge' like that, miss, for I'm sure it was no fault of mine. I hate him, that I do," cried the girl, passionately, "carrying on as he do, too, with that Mary Anne Pilling. And Mr. Anthony always as quiet and gentlemanly as can be, miss."

Amelia did not respond.

"Speaks respectful to one, as if one was a young lady, miss. He wouldn't bemean himself by meeting one of the servants in the shrubbery after dark."

"Madge," cried her mistress, in a towering fury now, "if I found out that you met anybody in the grounds after dark, I should send you home at once to your grandmother."

"Me, miss? me meet gentlemen after dark in the grounds? If you please, miss, my name isn't Mary Anne Pilling."

"That will do. And I do not believe there is any truth in it."

"Then please, miss, you had better ask the other servants. I thought it my duty to warn you."

"That will do, Madge. Go!"

"Yes, miss, but sha'n't I put away the things?"

"No. Leave the room."

"Yes, miss," said the girl, backing to the door, and closing it after her. "That will settle him, a nasty, impudent, handsome villain. How dare he kiss me!"

And inside the room her young mistress was down upon her knees, sobbing as if ready to break her heart.

"How dare he presume to address me! And I believed him so innocent and frank and manly."

#### CHAPTER III.—COUSINS AND RIVALS.

THE Lady Jane was tall and thin; the Lady Jane was fair; but Mary Anne Pilling, though fair and tall, was certainly not thin, being decidedly otherwise.

She was pretty, with a certain animal beauty, and her forehead was broad, but it did not suggest brains, as she sat in the cook's room, writing, with a little bottle of ink before her and a sheet of paper that she was filling with writing of a curiously crabbed character; for though Mary Anne almost surpassed the cook in her taste in culinary matters, her composition of words was by no means equal to her composition of paste. The latter was flaky and light; the former was flabby and heavy; moreover, the components were not correct, as may be seen from the following, which was the result of much labor, the use of a good deal of ink, some of which was upon her soft, creamy nose, transferred from a very inky finger, and the most supreme mental thought, all of which was misplaced, and ought to have been devoted to one of the curries or *vol-au-vents* in which Sir John's soul took delight.

Mary Anne Pilling's verbal cookery was as follows:

"MY DERE: I wovnt say waht, becaus you tole me not but I rite this hear with my pore hart ny broke an I must see yu again and I will be at the old plaice and waite till yu come o my dere yu dont kno waht I feel and how much for i must see yu again and here yu promise what you said for I am so unappy til I see the dere face again so no more at presen from ure effekshant lovin frien yu now who M. A. P."

"P. S.—A carnt help feling jellers."

Four large, carefully made blots followed, which were supposed to represent kisses; but the manufacture of these sable indications of affection produced tears and a black eye, for there was an attempt made to remove with the inky finger a drop which tickled. But the bruise was only fictitious, and the letter being folded—not directed—the ink-bottle was corked. Then the note was placed in that favorite apology for a pocket, the lady's bosom, pending delivery, and she went off hurriedly to the task intrusted to her by her chief—the superintendence of the soup.

That afternoon, Captain Philip Cope—Captain Phil, as he was generally called at the Manor—was returning from a good long tramp with the old keeper, whom he left at the park-gate to go round by the path, while he shouldered his gun and crossed the grassy expanse, so as to go down by the lake, as the dammed-up river was called.

As he came in sight of the water, his eyes ranged to and fro, and he uttered a sigh of content upon catching sight of a figure by the edge of the lake, and seeing that the figure was masculine and alone.

Captain Phil was a fine, manly-looking young fellow, with a good, upright military bearing, slightly marred by the straddling swagger often adopted by officers in the cavalry, who forget that they have not always a military saddle between their legs.

He strode along with a light, elastic step, his gun over his shoulder, and his lips parted as he hummed over all he could recollect of a ballad Amelia Vaughan had sung in the drawing-room the night before—a song that was accompanied by Sir John's snore as he sat in the corner, digesting a very hearty dinner.

As he drew near the edge of the lake, the young officer stared very hard at the tall, gentlemanly man of about his own age, who was holding a fishing-rod and watching the white top of a large cork-float which was bobbing gently beyond some reeds.

The fisherman was carefully dressed, and his features were well-cut and refined, while the hands which held the fishing-rod were thin, and the nails carefully tended, the rod being held so that the fisher could inspect them when weary of watching his float.

"Hallo, Ant!" cried the captain, after approach-

ing so quietly that the disciple of Izaak Walton started.

"Hab, Wasp!" was the reply. "Good sport?"

"Six brace and a land-rail. Coming up? Must be near dinner-time. Ah, there's the dressing-bell."

As he spoke the great bell on the roof of the old manor-house rang out, and the fisherman wound in his line, set at liberty an unfortunate gudgeon that had been hooked by the lip to serve as a lure to the fresh-water shark, and threw it right out beyond the reeds. Then the two walked on side by side towards the house.

They chatted as they went, but their conversation had not the social ring to be expected in that of two young men who had been at school and college together, and it was plain enough that each was glad when the house was reached and he could be alone with his thoughts.

The reason was simple: the old cordiality was a thing of the past, and the cause was Amelia Vaughan.

There was a room close to the back stairs at Sir John's—a room given up to fishing-rods, guns, riding-whips, bows and arrows, cricket-bats, oars and paddles, and to this room the young men betook themselves; and, though it was close upon dinner-time, and her place was not there, still there was the back staircase for an excuse, and no reasonable person could have found fault with Mary Anne Pilling for going down that passage, as she did twice, before returning to turn the plates in the warmer, which doubtless was the reason for her face being so red, while the exertion might have produced the rapid action of her heart.

In due time the dinner-bell rang, and in the drawing-room Captain Phil went smiling up to Amelia to offer his arm, but, to his annoyance, she frustrated his intention by crossing to his cousin Anthony, and laying her hand upon his black coat-sleeve.

Sir John chuckled as the lady went out with Anthony Cope, and then grasped his son's arm.

"What have you been doing, Phil?" he said.

"I, father? Nothing."

"You've huffed her somehow. You'll lose her, boy. Anty's making the hay, and he'll carry her off. But don't be glum. There are plenty of other girls, my lad. You a soldier, too! But she's a nice little lass, and you oughtn't to have let her slip through your fingers."

Captain Phil thought so, too, all through that dinner, during which he had to listen to his father's oldest stories, and it grew more and more evident to him that he had let the dainty prize go, for the lady was cold and distant. She answered his questions and listened to his remarks in the most graceful and ladylike way, but turned from him as soon as possible; and it was a relief to all when she arose and left the gentlemen to their wine.

The attention thereto was centred in Sir John, who chuckled as the young men arose and left the room.

"Ah! wonderful what a power a woman is, and the influence she wields," said the old baronet, filling his glass. "Well, they couldn't both have her, but I'm confoundedly disappointed, sir—confoundedly!"

He said this, frowning fiercely at the decanter-stopper as he replaced it in the neck.

"Confoundedly disappointed, sir! Ah, well, Phil will soon forget it, and they won't fight over her. Phil has too much common sense, and Anthony too little pluck. Ah! what a little while it seems since I felt queer about Phil's mother. Heaven bless her for a sweet, true lady; and, bless my soul, what a poor light these candles give!"

#### CHAPTER IV.—MISS VAUGHAN STAMPS HER FOOT.

"GET my cloak, Madge, and hat. No, the lace shawl, to put over my head."

"Cloak, miss?—shawl?"

"Yes; quick!"

"But, please, miss, it's quite dark."

"Did you hear what I said, girl?"

The voice was deep and intense, and there was an angry sternness in the tone which startled the maid into action. She had never heard her young mistress speak in such a way before; and there was an angry determination in her looks—a knitting of the brows and a peculiarity in the excited manner in which she paced the room, that startled the girl and made her wish that she had not spoken.

"You say you are sure you saw Captain Cope go down the shrubbery smoking a cigar?"

"Yes, miss; but—"

"And that Mary Anne stole out of the side door and went round to the fir-walk?"

"Yes, miss; but—"

"Give me the cloak."

"But please, miss, I didn't think you would take it in that way. I thought I ought to tell you, because—"

"Silence!"

"But please, miss," cried the girl, firmly, "I don't think you ought to go out after them like this."

"Margery, I am mistress of my uncle's household, and Sir John trusts me to see that all goes well. It is my duty to go and put a stop to this disgraceful intrigue."

"I dare say it is, miss; but you wouldn't have gone if it had been anybody but the captain."

"Silence! How dare you! Now, come with me!"

Madge felt her arm seized, and, half alarmed, half eager to see the end of the adventure—the explosion which must follow the burning of the train she had fired in a fit of pique against her fellow-servant—she went down the broad oak staircase, with her mistress's silk dress rustling over the carpet, till they reached the hall.

Here Madge attempted to object again. But Amelia Vaughan was inexorable.

She led the way to the side door, and, raising her dress, passed out into the soft, dark night, with the stars sparkling the clear sky; but the trees and shrubs were so dense that the two girls could hardly see each other as they went swiftly down the broad path and entered the walk that meandered amongst the tall old pines which covered the ground with their needles so thickly that even the footsteps of a man would have been inaudible, while those of the two girls would hardly have startled a bird.

Madge made no further protest, and clung tightly to her mistress's hand, repenting now of what she had said, but full of excitement to see the end.

Neither spoke, but walked on steadily towards one particular spot, leaving the lit-up manor-house behind, whose windows showed once or twice through an opening in the shrubbery, before it became too dense.

It was a good quarter of a mile from the terrace in front of the drawing-room windows, but to Amelia, stirred in a way she had never before felt, the distance was as nothing before she heard whispering and felt Madge's hand tighten upon hers.

Then there was a sob, and a woman's voice began to speak in a reproachful tone, which was checked by a loud *Hist!* and then a hurried conversation went on.

"Let's stop here, miss, and listen," whispered Madge, with her lips to her mistress's ear.

For answer the hand that Madge grasped was snatched away, the few yards that intervened between them crossed with a quick, firm step, and Amelia Vaughan caught the erring maid by the arm as she started from the embrace of the dark figure at her side with a cry of alarm.

"You, miss?"

"Yes, I! How dare you leave the house to hold a meeting like this? Go back! You leave to-morrow."

The woman was dumbfounded for a moment, but, recovering herself directly, she retorted:

"It don't make any difference to me, miss; and it's high time I did go, when young ladies gets jealous and watches the maids."

"Silence!" cried the girl, in a stern, angry voice, whose imperious tone made the woman shrink. "Go back to the house! As for you, Captain Cope, I must ask you to make what excuses you please to my uncle, and to go away from home for a few months. You owe this reparation to me."

The young man had drawn back at the first interruption and kept his face averted. He made no excuse, only tried to leave the scene, but he was in a *cul-de-sac*, and his only way out was by the indignant young mistress of Sir John's house.

She drew back from him, turning her face away with a scornful gesture that sent a thrill of anger through him as he hurried by; but though Amelia Vaughan drew aside and turned her head away, with her heart beating angrily, so did not Madge, who stood right in the way, and as the lover of clandestine meetings had almost to touch her, she uttered a sharp cry.

(To be continued.)

#### ERACLIO BERNAL, THE MEXICAN BANDIT.

ERACLIO BERNAL, the celebrated bandit of Northwest Mexico, who was killed on the 5th of January last, near Cosala, in the State of Sinaloa, began his depredations in the year 1875 by robbing his employer, one Kelley (doing business in the northwestern part of the State of Durango). At the time of this robbery Bernal was not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. After this he left his home and went to the town of Vantanes, and having plenty of money, engaged in gambling, drinking, etc., until notified that Mr. Kelley had sent several men in his pursuit, when he collected together a few idle fellows and retreated to the mountains. The officers followed, but instead of taking him prisoner, were persuaded to join his party. This soon became formidable, and for years robbed and plundered right and left. In 1882, Bernal visited with his band, now forty or fifty strong, one of the principal mines of the country, and demanded a large sum of money. As there was no protection, the company paid the sum demanded, and from that time forward Bernal and his band extorted from various mines the following sums: Los Reyes (twice), \$30,000; Vantanes (Messrs. Carroll & Co.), \$10,000; Zomora, \$11,000; San Andres, \$15,000; Plomosas, \$4,000; besides others not named. Sometimes rich merchants and ranch-owners were stopped on the highway and robbed of all they had, and if not satisfied, the bandit would demand notes or drafts for further sums. Few dared to refuse to pay, since if doing so they were compelled to leave the country or were killed. At any rate no one ever failed to pay. Of course, Eracilio Bernal became the terror of the Sierra Madre, from the northern parts of the States of Durango and Sinaloa to the southern line of these States, the region being about the size of the State of Illinois. This bold freebooter often visited the cities of Durango, Mazatlan and others, in disguise. No one recognizing him dared to give him up to the authorities. When he took a town he placed guards to protect the place, and on such occasions no one of his men dared appropriate anything without paying for it.

To all whom Bernal robbed he gave a receipt agreeing to pay back the amount when he became Governor of the State of Sinaloa. For twelve years the bandit defied all the forces, both police and military, of Mexico. Once a number of soldiers came to a small place in search of this chief, and as the men were nearly starved the officers asked for food, when the principal man gave them all they needed, and was in other ways very kind. The following day the soldiers went on their way rejoicing, after a good supper and breakfast, and at the next place found out that their entertainer was no less a person than Bernal himself.

Last year several Americans were killed by Bernal's band, and it was found absolutely necessary to exterminate him and his followers. The Governor of Sinaloa offered \$10,000 to any one who would kill or capture the bandit. The Governor of Durango, instead of offering a reward, hired Captain Moraz and some thirty men, and sent them out to look after this terror of the mountains. Some time in October, Moraz got on Bernal's trail, and never let it get cold until he was killed, on the 5th of January, as already stated.



Thus ends the career of one of the most noted robbers of this age. He has cost the public near a million, and perhaps more. Since his death over one hundred of his followers have been killed, but his influence and success will probably inspire others to enter the field.

#### THE NEW SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION OF PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS.

A RECENT feature in the science of detecting and identifying criminals is being introduced into this country by Warden McClaughry of the Joliet Prison, who is also Secretary of the Wardens' Association of America. It is the Anthropometric system of identification, invented by M. Alphonse Bertillon, of Paris, and first formulated by him at the World's Prison Congress at Rome in 1885, and which is now successfully practiced, not only in the chief prisons of France, but in Russia, Japan and other countries.

It isn't as formidable an affair as its name, "Anthropométrie," would indicate, being nothing more than the addition to the ordinary descriptive record, or "rogues' gallery," of a register of carefully taken measurements of certain parts of the body. The height; the length and width of the head; the length of the left middle and little fingers; the length of the left foot; the length of the left fore-arm; the length of the right ear; the measurement of the outstretched arms; the measurement of the trunk—i. e., measurement from the bench to the top of the head of a person seated—the color of the eye, and a description of the scars, marks and peculiarities that every individual more or less exhibits—these are all noted and recorded. A photograph is also taken, showing a full front view of head and shoulders, also one of the profile; and by these means the mistakes which have been made by trusting to a photographer only are avoided.

It is asserted that during the two years since the Bertillon system has been in operation 826 habitual criminals, who were arrested in France under assumed names, have been identified, showing that the Bertillon method is superior to any other.

At the annual meeting of the Wardens' Association of America, held at Toronto in September last, that body adopted the Bertillon system. The authorities of the Joliet Penitentiary, one of the largest prisons in this country, at once imported from Paris the necessary instruments for taking the measurements, and on October 1st, 1887, the system was put into practical operation at that institution.

Eminent prison and police officials, from various parts of the country, have been watching the operation of the Bertillon system at Joliet, and it was finally decided to organize a school of instruction at the Joliet Prison showing the working of the system, to which were invited representatives from the various penal institutions of the United States and Canada.

Mr. Gallus Muller, Clerk of the Illinois State Penitentiary, who was the first to suggest the adoption of M. Bertillon's system of identification into the prisons of this country, and to whom, as the translator of M. Bertillon's method, its adoption here is largely due, took charge of the school, assisted by Receiving Officer Luke of the Penitentiary, and thoroughly instructed those present.

This school of instruction was held February 8th to 12th, and was attended by prison officials from abroad. It was during the operation of this school that the accompanying photographs in connection with this article were taken, and they clearly show the manner of taking a criminal's description.

Among the criminals who have been operated upon at Joliet since the Bertillon system went into effect were men of wide celebrity in the criminal world, among them John Larney, alias "Mollie Matches," the expert bank sneak, whose "mug" already adorns a page in the recent book issued by Inspector Byrnes, in New York, entitled "Professional Criminals of America." "Mollie" is serving an eight-year term at Joliet for robbing the Galesburg Bank. The three imprisoned anarchists, Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, have also been through the Bertillon system. J. Finley Hoke, the Peoria bank forger, Jimmy Carroll, the bank robber, and many other noted ones, much to their sorrow, have left a description of their persons on file at Joliet that would enable an entire stranger to identify any one of them, amongst a hundred thousand criminals.

Take, for instance, the bodily height of ten thousand male subjects as basis, and classify them in three general divisions: Division 1, from the smallest to 1.61, metrical measure; Division 2, from 1.62 to 1.67, metrical measure; Division 3, from 1.68 to the largest. (N. B.—The metrical system of measuring is unquestionably the best adapted for the purpose.) Sub-classify each of these divisions (of about 3,300 each), according to findings on identical subjects—as to the length of their heads, making again three distinct and defined grades (small, medium length and large length). Proceed in the same way with the subsequent measurements, of three defined grades each, each following measurement being a subdivision of the preceding one; the exact description of the shade and color of the eye (M. Bertillon distinguishes seven different grades) forming the last subdivision.

The measured subjects being represented by tickets, or cards, containing their anthropometric description, and photographs, filed in cases and envelopes, it is evident that the identification from a later description of the same subject can be attained with no more trouble and in no more time than it takes to find a word in a dictionary, or the name of an individual in one of the new improved Indexes of Names (Schlicht's, for instance), always provided that the measurements have been taken with absolute correctness.

As to photographs accompanying the anthropometric description, M. Bertillon considers them valuable, but not absolutely essential adjuncts to his system. They must be taken invariably on a uniform plan, and of a uniform size, to be useful and reliable.

The minute description of marks and scars, and their exact location, is not lost sight of in M. Bertillon's system, as leading to the final and positive identification of a measured subject.

The measurements are taken with sliding and caliper compasses, graduated rules, and other scientifically accurate instruments. It is claimed that after maturity is reached these measurements will remain practically the same until death, affording a much surer means of identification than the features, hair, beard or skin.

As an instance of the unreliability of photographs as a means of positive identification, it is said that in the Detective Department at London there are some thirty different photographs of one person, a notorious female "shoplifter," each of which is so different from the others as to deceive the cleverest detectives.

When an habitual criminal is brought to justice,

he is very apt to give an assumed name—hoping to escape the increased punishment inflicted for a second offense. Under such circumstances it is certain that many months will elapse before an indicted criminal will give his true name, or expose himself to a renewed criminal prosecution.

Criminals make free use of aliases, and often give the name of an honest person instead of their own, when arrested. Instances are known where ex-convicts, who had been arrested on new charges, have dared to assume the name of persons whom they had previously robbed, and of whose exact social standing they had learned through testimony given in court. International criminals who escape to and are overtaken in, foreign countries, do not need to resort to such tricks; any name they may declare must be accepted as correct, as there are no means of verification. In this respect, an international exchange of judicial records would be a step in the right direction, but would be still insufficient; the usual description accompanying these records ("round chin, full face, gray eyes," etc.) have never yet brought about the identification of an evildoer, except, perhaps, in novels. A photograph is certainly preferable to any description, but it solves only part of the problem. The experience had in Paris has demonstrated it. In ten years the police of Paris had collected one hundred thousand photographs of one hundred thousand persons. It would be impossible at every arrest to run over these hundred thousand photographs. It is true that the inspectors of police, and particularly the wardens of prisons, recognize a certain number, and inform the proper authorities.

The application of the Bertillon system has changed things in the criminal world of Paris. A large number of professional criminals have discontinued the use of assumed names, finding it useless, as their measurements—previously taken—give them "dead away." S. W. WETMORE.

#### M. G. DE WECKHERLIN,

MINISTER FROM THE NETHERLANDS TO THE UNITED STATES.

M. DE WECKHERLIN, the Dutch Minister to the United States, was born and received his primary and collegiate education at The Hague. He was a student at the well-known University of Leyden. Having graduated there as Doctor of Law, he entered the diplomatic service of his country, being appointed in 1867 an *attaché* to the Netherlands Legation at Vienna. He remained in Austria until the end of 1868, when he was detailed to duty in the Foreign Office. In 1869 he became Secretary of the Legation at the Papal See at Rome. He was afterwards recalled to the Foreign Office, and then received an appointment at the Legation in Brussels. In 1872 he was promoted a Counselor of Legation and *Chargé d'Affaires* in the Kingdom of Italy.

In the course of the following year, M. de Weckherlin was transferred to the service in Asia, and after having sojourned some time in the Dutch Colonies, he started for Yokohama, in order to represent his Government in Japan. He remained in the East until 1878, when he sailed for Europe from British India, where he had been traveling for several months. The year 1879 brought him to Northern Africa, and the year 1880 was spent in Spain. He returned to the Netherlands to be nominated Minister Resident to the United States of America in 1881. M. de Weckherlin entered upon the duties of this new office in 1882, and has since resided in the Federal capital. In 1884 his rank was raised as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

#### CHEVALIER DE BOUNDER,

ENVOY AND MINISTER FROM BELGIUM TO THE UNITED STATES.

CHEVALIER THEODORE DE BOUNDER, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the Belgians to the United States, is of noble ancestry, though without hereditary title. He is a scion of the family of De Bounder de Melsbroeck of Belgium, and was born in Brussels in 1833. He was educated in his native city, and graduated with the degree of Doctor of Civil and Criminal Law under and by competitive examination. Immediately thereafter (in the year 1855) he entered upon a successful career in the diplomatic service of the kingdom in the Foreign Office, six months afterwards he was sent as an *attaché* to the Legation at Lisbon. He remained at the Portuguese capital for two years—from 1856 to 1858. In April, 1858, he was promoted to Second Secretary of the Legation at London. In 1861 he was sent as Secretary to the Legation at the Papal See, Rome, where he remained for three years, when he was transferred to The Hague, in 1865. While there he was promoted to be Counselor of Legation and sent as such to Florence. In August, 1867, M. de Bounder was transferred to the Legation at Paris, where he served until October, 1875, when he was transferred and promoted to be Minister Resident to Denmark and Sweden, where he remained for five years, when he was further advanced in the service by being promoted to be His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, but did not enter upon the discharge of the duties thereof until the following year.

Although the Chevalier de Bounder is fifty-five years of age, he would readily pass for forty-five, and is much liked in Washington as an accomplished gentleman, affable and modest in his demeanor. He is one of the most convincing and eloquent advocates of free-trade in the diplomatic corps. He has had many decorations and distinctions of honor conferred on him by the crowned heads of Europe.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE VILLA PALMIERI, FLORENCE.

THE beautiful Florentine suburban villa which Queen Victoria has chosen to occupy during her Italian sojourn this Spring, is situated two miles to the northeast of the city, on the road to Fiesole, which ascends the left bank of the Mugello, a stream flowing along the northern side of Florence, to fall into the Arno below the Cascine. The valley of the Mugello has been a favorite rural retreat of rich Florentine citizens since the days of the Medici, and is the scene of the fancied assembly of Boccaccio's "Decameron." The Villa Palmeri, a view of which we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News*, is now the property of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

##### MILITARY BALLOONS.

A number of balloons, recently constructed on novel principles by M. Yon, and destined for the

Italian army in Abyssinia, were successfully tested near Paris, in the presence of several French and foreign officers and aeronauts. One is to be used at night, and carries a lamp equal to seventy candles in power. Each balloon with its appurtenances is coiled up in a box and placed in a four-wheel vehicle, at the back of which is a pulley which lets out the cable and acts as an anchor. The cables are interlaced with wires, which enable telephonic and telegraphic communication to be kept up with the aeronauts. As water is scarce in the country where the balloons will be used, a generating machine for the manufacture of the hydrogen will be established at Naples, and the gas will be packed in steel tubes and carried away for campaigning purposes. Forty tubes will suffice for the inflation of the balloons.

##### BISMARCK.

The echoes of Prince Bismarck's great speech have not yet died away; and our picture, from a German source, representing the Chancellor receiving the congratulations of his colleagues in the Reichstag, possesses contemporaneous as well as historical interest. He wears his undress uniform of cavalry officer—his invariable custom when he addresses the Reichstag.

##### AN ADVANCE POST IN ABYSSINIA.

The Italian army, under General San Marzano, is awaiting, at the edge of the hill country of Abyssinia, the attack of King John's forces, who are expected shortly to make an attack in two columns, which will advance from Asmara and Kasen respectively. The spirited picture which we give shows the capture of two native spies by Italian pickets at an advance post in the hills.

##### ICE-SPORT IN POMERANIA.

The German children in Pomerania enjoy a peculiar species of sport on the frozen Oder, which is depicted in one of our engravings. It is called the "ice-carrousel," being a merry-go-round of sleds fastened to the ends of a pole, which, pushed windlass-fashion by energetic lads, revolves on a stout pivot fastened in the ice. The idea is worth borrowing by those of our juvenile readers who live within reach of safe pieces of smooth ice.

##### CARNIVAL AT MOROCCO.

The carnival procession at Saffi, Morocco, is characteristic of the mixed Moorish, negro, Jewish and Spanish population. The custom is doubtless of Spanish origin, but most of the masqueraders are Moors and mulattoes. Strange birds and beasts march and dance to the monotonous music of tambourines and panderetas, while the Jewish merchants and their families crowd the squares and balconies to see the show, and drop coin into the magic box, ornamented with paper puppets, which brings up the rear of the fantastic parade.

##### COUNTING \$158,000,000.

ON Thursday of last week, Major James F. Meline, Assistant Cashier of the United States Treasurer's Office at Washington, with sixteen assistants from the Department, began their task of counting the cash in the vaults of the Sub-treasury, at Wall and Nassau Streets, New York city. This is done in order that Judge McCue, the new Assistant Treasurer, may give a receipt to his predecessor, Mr. Canda, and relieve the latter's bondsmen. The vaults contain \$158,000,000, including \$90,000,000 in gold coin, \$40,000,000 in silver coin, and the remainder is in gold and silver certificates and greenbacks. It will take sixteen men about three weeks to count the whole.

##### FACTS OF INTEREST.

The Ohio Legislature has passed a Bill requiring the teaching of temperance in the public schools.

The negotiations between the Vatican and Russia have proved fruitless. Russia demanded impossible concessions, as to the appointment of bishops, etc.

A REPORT just made by Pension Commissioner Black shows that, excluding the 82 counties from which no statistics have been received, the grand total of Union Soldiers supported in Government and private charitable institutions was in October, 1887, 36,953. Of this number, 15,152 were in soldiers' homes, while 21,801 were in State and county institutions or supported by charitable aid in towns.

The alleged prosecution, by District Attorney Fellows, of the conspiracy indictment against Rollin M. Squire and Maurice B. Flynn was terminated by Judge Lawrence in the New York Court of Oyer and Terminer on Thursday of last week. The jury, acting under the direction of the court, acquitted the defendants, who had not been even put upon their proofs. According to this verdict, Mr. Squire ought never to have been removed from the office of Commissioner of Public Works, and he has a clear case for the recovery of his salary for some eighteen months past. He has not, however, signified any intention of prosecuting the claim.

The Bill introduced in the British Parliament by Mr. Parnell empowers the court to order a reduction of arrears and costs of tenants to whom the Land Act of 1887 applies, where it is proved that such tenants are unable to pay, owing to circumstances beyond their control; extends to nine months the period within which caretakers under the Act of 1887 may apply for restitution of their tenancy; empowers the court to reduce the amount of judgment and costs against such caretakers when it is proved that they are unable to pay, and directs that, upon payment of the reduced judgment, and upon application to be restored to their holdings, they be dealt with as if they had paid judgment in full. The Bill has been submitted to Mr. Morley, and will be supported by the Gladstonians.

##### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 26th.—In Claverack, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Elbert S. Porter, formerly editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*, aged 68 years; in New York, Domingo Garcia y Caraya, late of the Nicaragua Canal Survey; in Cassel, Germany, Henry Elias, the New York brewer, aged 61 years. February 27th.—In New York, Dr. Joseph B. Holder, Curator of the American Museum of Natural History, aged 64 years; in Exeter, N. H., Hon. Thomas J. Marsh, aged 83 years. February 28th.—In Boston, Mass., William O. Haskell, Jr., of the *Herald*, aged 44 years; in Burlington, N. J., Jonathan M. Roberts, the Spiritualist, aged 67 years. February 29th.—In New York, ex-Coroner Louis Naumann, aged 63 years.

##### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RIDER HAGGARD is said to be at work at last on the promised sequel to "She."

SENATOR EDMUNDS declines to serve as a delegate to the Republican National Convention.

GOVERNOR FORAKER of Ohio announces that he will not be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination.

COLONEL E. B. CASH, who in 1880 fought the last duel recorded in South Carolina, died at his home in Chesterfield County, in that State, on the 25th ult.

MARTIN IRONS, the leader of the great railroad strike of 1886, has been acquitted of the charge of "conspiracy to tap telegraph wires" during that strike.

ROSCOE CONKLING has written a letter in which he declares his sympathy with those who seek Republican success, but says explicitly that he is not an aspirant for the Presidential nomination.

It is said that Prince Bismarck took sixteen drinks of whisky while making his recent great speech. Lord Beaconsfield used to drink a bottle or two of champagne before an important oratorical effort.

It is now generally conceded that the German Crown Prince cannot recover. One report says that he is to be removed from San Remo to Berlin that he may die on German soil. The physicians in the case still disagree as to the treatment of the royal invalid.

LORD TENNYSON has a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, who personally supervises the work of the dairy on the Poet Laureate's farm. It is no small task, for all the rich people in that part of the Isle of Wight get their supply of butter from the Tennyson farm.

THE Chicago *Advance* says: "Judge Walter Q. Gresham gives this as his idea of the qualifications of a good judge: 'Modesty, knowledge, discernment, integrity, health, and sand.' By-the-way, there are a good many people who think these are among the capital qualities for a good President."

M. WILSON, the son-in-law of ex-President Grövy of France, who has been on trial for complicity in the Legion of Honor decoration scandals, was last week convicted. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, and to be deprived of his civil rights for five years.

THERE was a wedding in the St. Paul Ice Palace the other day. The contracting parties, George G. Brown and Miss Eva N. Evans, were escorted to the palace by a long procession of carnival clubs, and as the marriage ceremony was concluded they were saluted by a storm of cheers from the assembled crowd.

EX-MAYOR CARTER HARRISON of Chicago has made an enormous collection of fans during his visit to Japan. He has also made a special study of cremation, with the idea of introducing the system at Chicago on his return thither. A Crematory Association in that city has already received a charter from the State Legislature.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR, just arrived in this country, was the first woman to stand regularly as a candidate for a seat in the British Parliament. Her last work before sailing was speaking in aid of the movement now agitating London of electing women to vestries in order that charitable work may be more efficiently performed.

THE will of the late W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, gives \$100,000 to the Corcoran Art Gallery, to which Mr. Corcoran had already given a million and a half; \$50,000 to the Louise Home, to which Mr. Corcoran gave in life half a million dollars; \$5,000 each to the three orphan asylums of the District, and \$3,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

ELLEN TERRY, who last week celebrated her fortieth birthday, says she "was born in 1848 in Coventry, in Shropshire's shire, thank God." Her father and mother were both on the stage, and married when both were under nineteen years of age. Miss Terry says she has now but one wish. "It is to help Mr. Irving in his great and beautiful work, for it is a grand work he is doing."

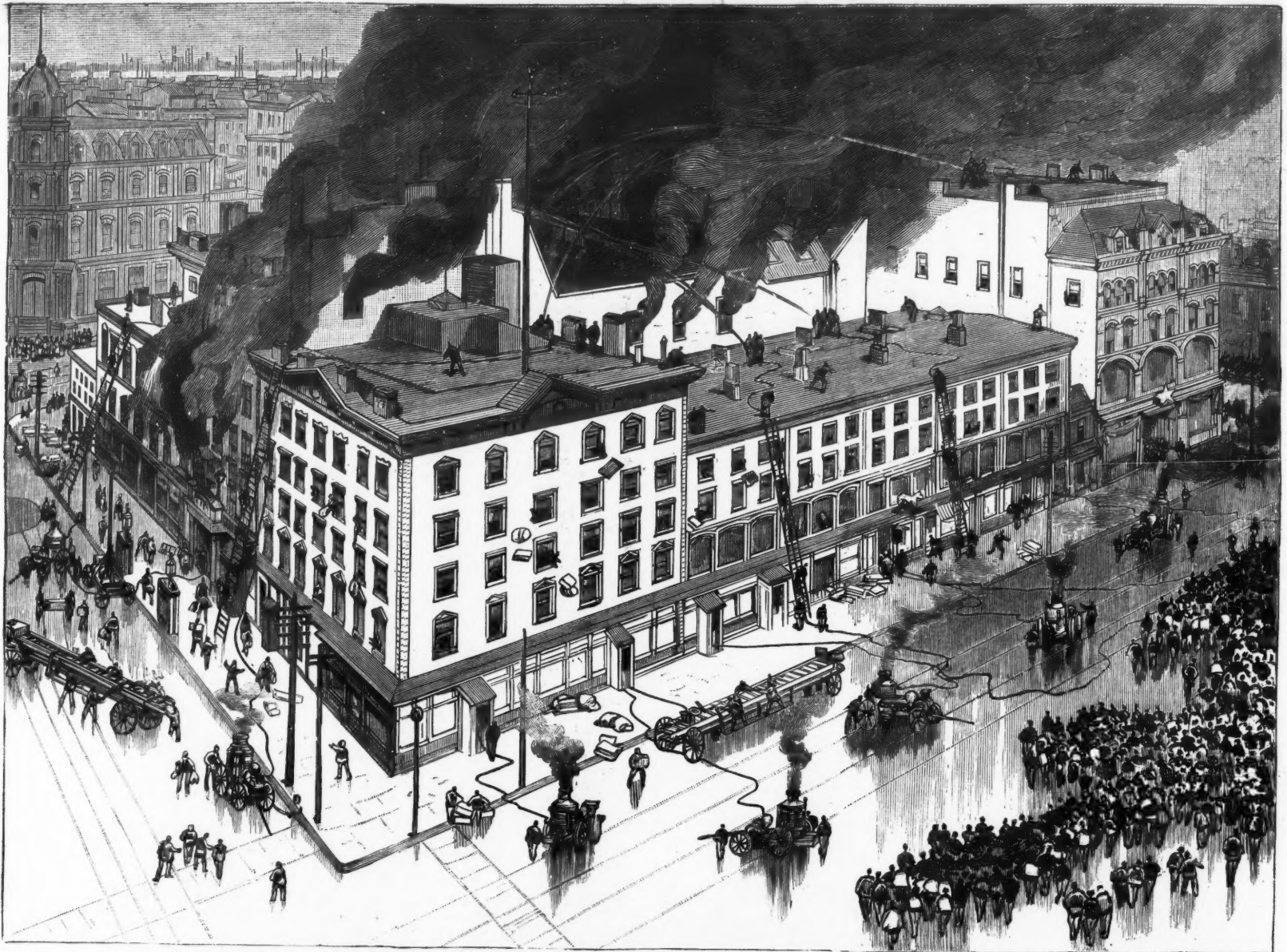
MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has been the object of marked social attentions during his stay in Washington. Perhaps the most unique entertainment he has had was given by Mrs. Hitt, the rich and clever wife of the brilliant Representative from Illinois, who invited twenty of the unmarried belles to meet him at luncheon. The only criticism heard upon Mr. Chamberlain as a society man came from a belle, who said that "he doesn't know how to dance; he takes such short steps that you think he must have practiced on a postage-stamp."

COMMODORE SAMUEL BARRON, of the late Confederate States Navy, who died at his home in Virginia on the 26th ult., may be said to have been born in the United States Navy, for at the early age of three years he was appointed a Midshipman by the Secretary of the Navy. This appointment is the only one of the kind ever made in the United States Navy. At the age of eight years he made his first cruise, being ordered to the Mediterranean Station; and from this time on until the breaking out of the late war he served almost continuously, and rose to the rank of Post Captain.

Boston had an authors' reading in aid of the Longfellow Memorial Fund, last week. The readers were Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Edward Everett Hale, William Winter, George Parsons Lathrop, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. T. Trowbridge and Charles Follen Adams. In the centre of the line was Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, who introduced the authors in the happiest manner. Mr. Winter was the only New Yorker who participated in the exercises, and the "Listener" of the *Transcript* says he "read, in a peculiarly mournful voice and accent, his own poem upon Longfellow's death."

THE New York *World* publishes a three-column interview with Mr. Blaine, cabled from Florence by Mr. T. C. Crawford, for some time the *World's* correspondent in Washington and now in Europe. Mr. Blaine, in the course of a long conversation, distinctly asserted that under no circumstances whatever would he allow his name to be used in connection with the next Presidential nomination. He insists on the sincerity of his withdrawal, and asserts that he had made up his mind thereto long ago. Mrs. Blaine and the other members of his family are most emphatic in their approval of his withdrawal, which is definitive, and neither hasty nor recent in its decision. Mr. Blaine will not return from Europe until June, and not until after the Republican Convention.





1. Union Square Theatre.

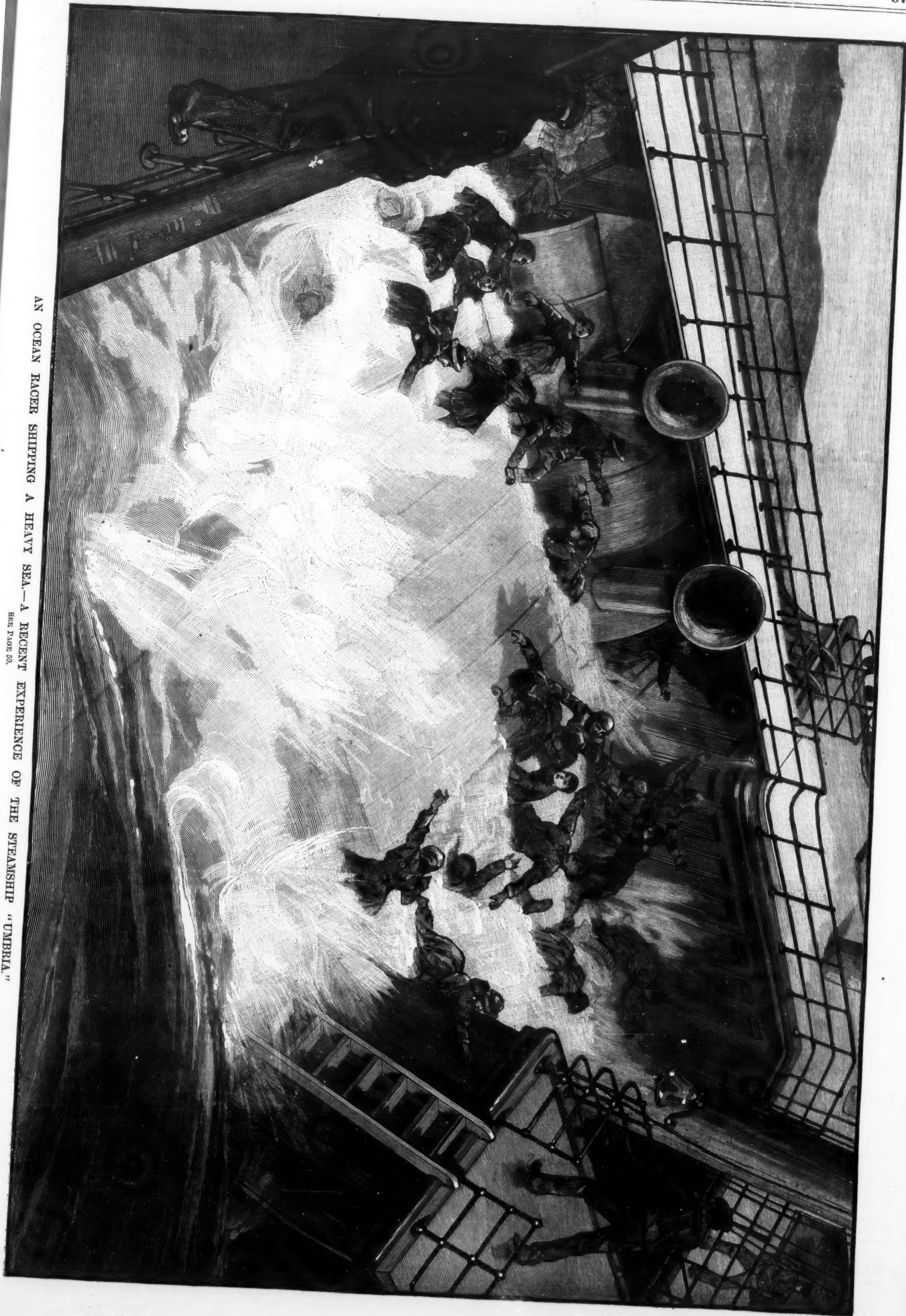
2. The Star Theatre.

NEW YORK CITY.—DESTRUCTION OF THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE BY FIRE, FEBRUARY 28TH.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 59.



NEW YORK CITY.—COUNTING THE CASH IN THE SUB-TREASURY VAULTS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 55.





AN OCEAN RACER SHIPPING A HEAVY SEA.—A RECENT EXPERIENCE OF THE STEAMSHIP "UMBRIA."  
SEE PAGE 50.



## HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Lovesthat Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED).

CARLOS DE LAISHE has walked up to the hotel with Paul Walldon; he has seen that gentleman undress and go to his room; he has waited until sleep, genuine and refreshing sleep, has come to the man with whom he has watched. What then? What then for our good friend, Carlos de Laishé? Rest? No; not rest. He is too nervous to sleep; he is too anxious to subject himself to the maddening confinement of the limits of a single close room; he knows that if he were to undress and lie down he would toss in nervous agony, to and fro upon his bed. So—he says that he will watch until dawn. It may be that the shadow of the rest to which he is so speedily coming is already lying chilly and dark about him.

The storm is over. The sky is clear, and full of stars. De Laishé wonderingly questions himself as to whether he ever before saw so many. He wonders what is beyond them. He wonders what another world will be like. Will there be a chance in it for him? He thinks his beliefs have been questionable; his actions—in the long ago—they have been such that he does not care to think of them; lately—he thinks he has been a very decent sort of man; he knows he has tried to be.

He bares his brow to the wind from the west. It is bitter cold, but he likes it; it refreshes him.

Up—yonder—what? Life? Undoubtedly. Love? Perhaps so. He isn't sure; he hardly has an opinion. And, after all, his experience with love has been such that—that—

He checks himself suddenly. He will not finish that, not even in his thoughts. He will not be so disloyal to the truer and better individuality which has grown up in him—in his heart and soul—under the tender light and heat of his unavailing love for Minnie Girtan. If, when he dies—if, in the far-off day when he is called to go—he shall find so sweet a friend as she has been, the new life will be a happy one. For he loves Minnie Girtan unselfishly; and he always—

"Well; I played with the men you left me with," is the sudden interruption to his thoughts; "would you like to know what I won?"

De Laishé glances about him. He is not a coward; he has had the reputation of being quite the opposite. But he is at least prudent. He had rather have met Mr. Leonard Stannard somewhere else; he had rather have found him in a different mood from that in which he evidently is.

He had walked far. They two are standing in a little ravine. And he starts to see the way in which his steps have brought him. Yonder is the vacant house in which he saw Paul Walldon shut the sorriest memory of his past life, a little while ago; and here, almost at his very feet, is the trampled and discolored drift which covers the soil which once bore a darker stain still.

He does not move his hands in such a manner as to excite either hostility or suspicion; he knows too well the character of the community to do that; he thinks he knows the character of the man with whom he has to deal too well also. But he satisfies himself that he is unarmed. His revolver is in his room at the hotel. He is at the mercy of Leonard Stannard—if that man cares to use the advantage he has over him. He is no less in his power than when he—fell over the cliff into the sea!

What does he say? Nothing as yet—aloud. To himself he says the unnatural lie that Stannard will surely never again stoop to so vile a crime as that which he essayed on the steep height which overlooks Bobunquedunk; he uses the same sophistry that he heard Paul Walldon's voice echo from the memory of a bygone night, big with fate—and yonder is the house in which friendly searchers found the dead Atherton—here, at his feet, is the very spot where murder laid him.

What does he do? Nothing that an observer would mark, unless he were an adept in reading faces. He only thinks he can forgive Stannard. He only resolves, in a sudden flight of egotistic strength, that he will be generous with the man who, like himself, has loved Mrs. Girtan—and must lose her.

He has neglected to answer Stannard's question. That man repeats it, or the essential part of it. "Would you like to know what I won?" he asks. "If you please. What was it?"

"All their money—first. And then—"

De Laishé is suddenly interested. He hadn't cared, until now, what Stannard won. But he put in a quick, sharp question now.

"And then?"

"And then, the men!"

"Ah?"

It is only a single syllable. But it is very expressive. De Laishé is not quite sure of his ground. He must go forward carefully—very carefully. But, mentally, he must go forward. There are some things he must know. If Stannard means that he has hired these ruffians to—

But he does not finish. That is even more absurd than it would be to think that Stannard would do a second time the evil thing he did once, and do it with his own hand.

"What have you been doing this night?" suddenly demands Stannard.

"Seeking evidence."

"In whose favor?"

"Mrs. Girtan's, for one—and—"

"That is enough. I'm not interested in the rest. Did you find it?"

"I did."

"And what will result from it, if I may be so bold as to ask, and if you will be kind enough to say?"

The tones were sneering; Stannard's whole manner was a covert threat.

"Mrs. Girtan's happiness, for one thing."

"But Ratcliffe Dangerford says—"

The colonel, tired as he was, was so far himself again, since his success with Paul Walldon, that he shrugged his shoulders. He had a prompt answer ready.

"I don't care what Dangerford says; he is a liar."

"It's easy to say that."

"And hard to prove it? Is it? Never mind. I can prove it, when I will. You needn't doubt that."

Stannard came a pace nearer.

"What do you gain by this?" he said, suspiciously, jealously, angrily.

"Nothing—nothing but the consciousness of having done what is right."

"You're a fool."

"Perhaps I am."

"You think Girtan and his wife will be fully and entirely reconciled, do you?"

"I know they will be."

"You—you had hopes of your own once, had you not?"

"I think so. If Girtan had been a bad man, why, then, there might have been a chance for a future such as—as—"

"Bah! And you gave up your hopes long ago, did you not?"

"I did."

"I thought so. Why didn't you go away, then, and leave the field open to a bolder and less scrupulous man than yourself? Was it any of your business that I had done as I had? Was it your concern that my plans were as they were—and as they are? Why didn't you go?"

"I only did what was right. I love Mrs. Girtan so well that her happiness is the chief desire of my life."

"Is it? I think you are altogether too good for this world, if that is true, and the sooner—"

"Hush! There is a chance for you yet."

"A chance? You mean that—"

"I mean that I forgive you."

"Thank you!"

The tone was mockingly sarcastic.

"And that I propose to keep silence regarding what you have done to me. To the world, my experience at Bobunquedunk will be no more nor less than an accident. So far as they are concerned, I fell over—"

"Curse you! When I want your forgiveness, or that of any one else, I'll ask for it. Why didn't you have the sense to stay away, after such a hint as I gave you—the sense to stay away and let me have my own way?"

"Come, Stannard," said De Laishé; "you are showing yourself to poor advantage. The game is over; you have lost; and I am the most generous of victors. I'll go with you to see Mrs. Girtan, in the morning."

"No, you will not, Carlos de Laishé; no you will not!" cried Stannard.

The angry man drew himself up. He sprang upon the colonel. He caught him by one shoulder, with his left hand, and gave him a wrenching twist that was a reminder of the intended tragedy at Bobunquedunk.

The starlight glittered coldly on a shining something Stannard had in his hand. De Laishé saw it, and tried to finish his thought that this man would surely never—never—

The end of a steel cylinder touched the colonel's ear—firmly as though every joint of the man who held the weapon were itself steel—coldly as a ghost's kiss. "He will not—he cannot—"

What was that? A pistol-shot? or the crashing together of two giant worlds in infinite space?

What is this? Universal chaos come again? or only the parting of a human soul from the body of which it has been despoiled?

Wild regrets sweep with wonderful rapidity through De Laishé's mind. But only one, possibly because it is the most recent, possibly because his failing brain has room for only one, remains there; this is the regret that he did not give Paul Walldon his freedom before he left him; and coupled with it the fear that Walldon will never be either Walldon or Manniston again, in any true sense, if, indeed, the shot aimed at one does not kill them both.

Kill? Certainly. De Laishé knows he is dying. He knows he is almost gone. He remembers that he half feared it—half expected it. But he does not fear it now. He has forgotten what fear is—if he ever knew. He is willing to die—quite willing. He wonders if he is not almost glad—wonders, and is not quite sure.

Great clouds of red float before his eyes. They fade away to white—gray—black! He is falling—falling—falling; he does not know where—nor why—nor how.

Down he goes, as a great tree goes when the woodman has done his worst. Prone in the deep snow, just where Paul Walldon knelt a little time ago. Face downward, and with his helpless hands extended pathetically and appealingly.

Dead?

Stone dead. Dead, because he dared to be a true man. Dead, because he found the flame of love something more than the fierce fire of passion.

Who? What? You need not ask these questions of me regarding Carlos de Laishé. I am frank and honest with you. I tell you all I know.

But, I know now it has been a pleasure to write of him; that I have found my acquaintance with him an enjoyable one; that on the dead brow of this martyr to the power of Love I can tenderly lay my hand, saying: Carlos de Laishé, I love you!

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE WAY OUT OF BONDAGE.

PAUL WALLDON had been sleeping some time. He had been sleeping soundly. Thoroughly wearied, there was no reason why his sleep should not be undisturbed; and to one in his mental

condition it was unlikely much in the way of dreams would come.

Suddenly there seemed to be some loud sound in the darkness, some shock to his whole nervous system, some hard blow which had fallen savagely upon him somewhere, though he could not tell where.

He was wide awake in an instant, so thoroughly and immediately wide awake, indeed, that at first he could not remember who he was nor where he was, but lay in that passive condition of doubt and terror which is undoubtedly somewhat familiar to you if you have ever been instantly awakened, in a dark and silent room, from a deep and dreamless sleep. His experience was, without doubt, more intense and fear-compelling than any you have personally known, and lasted longer before knowledge and memory—even his crippled and imperfect memory—took up their work again. I can imagine that his condition was not altogether unlike that of a new-born child.

Gradually Walldon got himself again. He was not Carl Manniston; I presume there is scarcely any necessity of saying that; of course, he was not Carl Manniston. And if there was anything to regret in that fact, this man did not know it; he had not the faintest and most dreamlike suspicion that there was ever such a person as Carl Manniston.

He was Paul Walldon; Paul Walldon, as he had been since his ride on the night express; Paul Walldon, as he had been up to the night Carlos de Laishé had told him of the way in which he meant to help his friend—the night when De Laishé had asked to be allowed to share his room with him. And that, of course, was last evening; that, of course, was only a few hours ago. He reached over his hand. He was alone in bed. It was a terrible shock to him to find the place beside him empty.

He raised himself on his elbow, and looked about him. The room was dark, very dark, and he could distinguish nothing of its contents. But he knew, in a minute or two—a very serious and solemn minute or two—that this room was not the one in which he and Colonel de Laishé had held the conversation which was about the last event he could remember. That room had faced the south, and had two windows. This room was a corner room, and had three. Through one, he could see the Great Dipper in the northern sky. The other two evidently looked towards the west.

A great wave of dread came over him. He thought of his loss of memory, of his twenty missing years, and of the injury that had been done his mind and his brain. Was it possible that something infinitely worse than that had befallen him? Could it be that he was confined here? Was it true that he was insane?

He glanced at the windows. They seemed innocent of any restraining bars of iron. He groped his way to one—the one looking to the north—and found that his surmise was right. He was free, unless those who had him in captivity relied on something very different from iron bars to give them security.

How still it was. The thunder of Niagara, where was that? He could hear nothing of it.

He looked down at the ground beneath his window now, for the first time, and let his glance wander far away. He was evidently in the western border of a fairly large town—he might have said city if he had had any suspicion as to the part of the country in which it was—for there were many buildings to be seen towards the right, and directly in front of him. But towards the left, towards the northwest, there was only one long, unbroken waste of snowy levels and drifted ridges.

He went to the west windows. Only scattered houses, here and there, between him and the western limit of his landscape view. And that limit? Great white mountains, lying low down on the horizon, but telling even to his inexperienced mind a marvelous tale of distance and immensity. They awoke no memories in him. No hint of his past came nearer to his sealed life as he gazed upon them.

But, everything considered, things were getting decidedly interesting! He groped about in the darkness, found his clothes in a chair by the bed, found a match in his vest-pocket, lighted it, and, by means of the uncertain light thus afforded, found the necessary means for lighting up the room.

He drew down the curtains—in deference to the proprieties. He dressed himself—in deference to the weather. Then he sat down, to study the room—and other things.

A weaker-minded man would have given much time to the problem, hoping to find some solution unaided. A frightened man might have called up some one, and tried to ask some questions that would let some light in on the subject. It speaks well for the courage and good sense of Mr. Paul Walldon that he gave no more than half an hour to this puzzle, which he saw was beyond the power of any key he had in his possession, and resolved to wait until morning before he tried for any outside help.

He lay down again, dressed I must confess, and with his light turned down instead of extinguished. But he went to sleep again, after a while. And he slept soundly until late in the morning.

When Paul Walldon finally arose, he carefully and thoroughly examined the room and its contents. He found the suit of clothes he wore the same as the one he had on the evening of his last remembered interview with Colonel de Laishé. An overcoat which fitted him perfectly, and which he therefore concluded was, in some unexplained manner, his own, hung on a hook in the closet. He found that he had plenty of money, not much less in amount, if indeed any, that it had been on that night which he had decided was his point of departure on this mysterious trip which had led him—he did not know where, and taken—he could not guess how long.

He decided that he was an inmate of a hotel.

As he had plenty of money, he decided to demean himself as if he were a regular and well-known guest. If there were anything strange or unusual in his relation to this place, and to the people who owned the hotel, he would let the words or actions of some one else call attention to them. He would do, in every respect, just as he would have done if he registered regularly last night, instead of waking up and finding himself an occupant of a place he had no memory whatever of coming to.

Paul completed his toilet. He unlocked his door. He stood there long enough, while relocking the door from the outside, to see the direction in which some of the other guests were going. He thus learned the way to the breakfast-room, and without having to ask any questions—a necessity which he had told himself would be an awkward one if it happened to be true that he had resided there for the last month or two.

He went down to breakfast, naturally. He was shown to a seat by one who had neither surprise in his face nor questions on his lips. He ordered a substantial breakfast, and proceeded to do full justice to it. He had about half finished, when he chanced to look up, and directly towards the open door of the room, which opened opposite him. A lady was coming in.

When she saw him, she came forward rapidly and impulsively. She did not wait to be shown to a seat, but came straight to the table where he sat, put out her hand, took his, pressed it warmly, and sank into a chair at his side. It had needed only a single glance at her face—worn and tired and worried, it is true, but still flushed and beautiful and dimpling—to tell him that he was fully forgiven and more than trusted again. Something had happened, so he saw, between the night when De Laishé spoke of his marvelous power and asked his opinion as to whether he ought to use it or not, and this beautiful Winter morning, which had turned the whole tide of Fate's power and woman's favor in his behalf. There was a look in Ethel Atherton's eyes which men have risked life—and more—to see shining in the eyes of those they have loved; she looked as only a true and noble-hearted woman can look; she looked as no woman ever looks into the eyes of more than one man.

"How are you feeling this morning?" she asked.

Paul didn't know just what would be the most proper and appropriate thing to say. Feelings are relative. He would have known better what to answer if he had known how he was feeling yesterday—if he had been sure that there was, or was not, some good reason why he should feel well, or quite the opposite. He took a hasty glance, however, at the breakfast he had dealt so effectively with, stole another glance—a somewhat longer one—at the lady whose coming had seemed so much of a tonic to him, and ventured to say that he believed he felt pretty well.

"Are you rested?"

"I think so. I—see here, Ethel, what ought I to say? What have I been doing that needs rest? Can you tell me where I am, and—and—"

"Hasn't De Laishé told you?"

"De Laishé? I haven't seen De Laishé, not to my knowledge, since that night some of us had our fortunes told at Niagara Falls."

"Is that true? I supposed you wouldn't remember anything about it, any more than you would remember that you had seen me,"—looking at him archly.

"Seen you?"

"Certainly."

"And not known you?"

"Certainly not."

"What has been the reason?"

In answer to that, she gave him, briefly, an account of De Laishé's claims to mesmeric power, his desire—"for certain good reasons"—to exercise that power over him, the statement that he had done so, and the assurance that she was not in the least surprised at finding that he had no recollection whatever as to what had happened in the time during which he had been under the colonel's control.

"How long a time has that been?" Walldon asked.

Ethel told him.

"And what have I done? What was the object of this strange assumption of power over me?"

Ethel's face saddened, and she shook her head. "I had rather De Laishé would tell you about that," she said; "the details are such that it will take some time, and the matter is a painful one to me. I supposed De Laishé had already told you, when I saw you here, looking so happy, and quite yourself again. You say you haven't seen him this morning?"

"I haven't seen him."

"That is strange. I began to believe that he had so complete a control over you, and had had it so long, that you wouldn't get your freedom without his presence and his willingness. How did you recover your identity?"

Paul told her, as well as he could, and made a laughable story of it; there are many stories which sound more humorous in the telling than they seem in the living. There are many who think they can afford leisurely waiting and merry laughter, who would think differently if they knew more—if they knew where the absent are; for instance, and why.

"I'll tell you one result of your long loss of personality," said Ethel, "if you'll promise not to ask me how that result was reached. I—I think I'm not quite able to talk calmly of that, just yet."

"I promise."

"Very well; it has been proved that you're entirely innocent of that awful crime of which you told me."

"You—you mean that?"

"I do."

"And believe it to be true?"

"I know it to be true."

"I—suppose—then—"

His heart was in his



voice. His manly passion was in his face. He leaned towards her. She could not put him off. Perhaps she did not care to; possibly she was as anxious to answer as he was eager to question.

"Suppose? Suppose is an assertion instead of a question, isn't it?" she asked, shyly; "but I will make all allowances for you, everything considered. I suppose, then, that all will be as it was before. Paul, dear Paul, I will marry you, and—Stop! You are in a public breakfast-room! You mustn't kiss me here!"

Paul settled down again into the chair from which he had half risen.

"I suppose that's so," he said, ruefully; "but I assure you I shall collect all deferred claims with interest."

"Yes, I suppose you will," she responded, demurely; "and rates are very high here in the West."

Strange! Strange! What a marvel is humanity! Walldon had forgotten to be pleased because of his innocence for any other reason than that which Love suggested. Weariness and pain were forgotten. Ethel had nothing to say of Mrs. Gorton and Mario. Both were letting De Laishie slip out of their minds. They were only care-free, happy (and rather foolish, I fear,) lovers. They little knew, little guessed, that they would always look back in sadness to that merry, merry breakfast-time.

"I suppose you never loved any one but me?" questioned Ethel Atherton.

"I—I had a boyish fancy for Minnie Gorton. I don't know how it ever happened. I got over it as soon as over I saw her; this new life which is mine now. I wonder—"

"Wait! Minnie Gorton is one of my best friends, and—"

"And I beg her pardon, and yours. Her husband was my friend. He's a noble man. I wish you could know him."

"Do you? Aren't you afraid I might have as great a fancy for him as you once had for his wife?"

"No; you are too constant, too earnest, for that. You are the sort of woman to whom love comes only once, and—"

"Don't be too sure. I was engaged to another man than Paul Walldon, once?"

"Were you? Is—was—did he die?"

"No."

"Did you quarrel?"

"N."

"What happened?"

"He went away from me—and he never came back."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Have you ever seen him since?"

"Yes; often."

"Have—have you—ever—asked—"

"I have never asked him why he went."

"Why not?"

"Because he does not know."

Paul Walldon looked into her eyes. He rose to his feet. He was pale as death.

"In—God's name—" he gasped—"who—was—was he?"

"Guess," she said.

"Paul—Paul Walldon?"

"Yes. You loved me, when you were not Paul Walldon. You wooed me, when you were not Paul Walldon. And—you went away from the marriage altar, the altar where I stood by your side, the—the—"

"The night I lost one memory, and found another."

"Yes, dear Paul, the night you rode to the city in which Paul Walldon again found life—on the night express."

"You shall tell me the particulars of that past, at least, at once. I shall not bear delay. I must understand just how, in escaping the bondage De Laishie imposed upon me, I have found my way into another and more lasting one. I—"

One of the waiters hurriedly approached the table where they sat.

"You are Miss Ethel Atherton?" he demanded.

"I am."

"There's a gentleman here who wishes to see you. And he is in so much of a hurry that he asked permission to come right up here, instead of waiting in the parlor. Shall I let him come?"

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"Thomas Gorton!"

At that, Paul Walldon took it upon himself to answer, instead of leaving it to Ethel.

"Bring him up at once," he said, "and tell him he'll find as happy a group of friends as he ever met in all his life."

And, before Miss Atherton could add a word or two of explanation or of suggestion on her own account, the messenger was gone.

(To be continued.)

#### THE "UMBRIA'S" MISHAP.

IT is a common supposition that the perfection of modern marine architecture and scientific seamanship have completely triumphed over the perils, as well as the discomforts, of ocean travel. While a Summer voyage on one of the great transatlantic liners may seem to confirm it, such encounters as that suffered by the *Umbria*, of the Cunard Line, on her recent passage to New York, are forcible reminders that the terrors of Old Ocean are more than mere traditions. On the morning of Saturday, February 25th, when the *Umbria* was within 170 miles of Montauk Point, she was met by the pilot-boat *T. S. Negus*, No. 1, and took a pilot safely on board—the small boat, however, suffering a slight collision with the steamer, on account of the heavy sea that was running. A little later, about 1:30 P. M., some fifty steerage-passengers were standing on the starboard side of the main deck, between the break of the promenade-deck and the after turtle-back. The wind was blowing over the port-quarter, and the white-topped green seas were rolling high. The emigrants were looking out for the

first sight of land, and John Huggan, a cattleman, who was formerly a sailor, was cautioning them about standing so near the rail. Suddenly the big steamer gave a heavy lee lurch, throwing thirty or forty people violently into the scuppers. At the same moment a huge sea came aboard. It washed men and women aft in a heap against the bulkhead. Huggan was under them all, his skull fractured at the base, and his face covered with blood. Ten others were more or less cut and bruised. The saloon-passengers at once organized a relief committee, and raised a comfortable sum of money for the sufferers, besides providing for the care of Huggan, who was brought to the Castle Garden Hospital in a condition that offered little hope of his recovery.

#### THE MONUMENT TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, AT SAN FRANCISCO.

WHAT is destined to be one of the proudest and most picturesque of the monuments of American patriotism is illustrated on page 60, from a photograph made by Taber, of San Francisco, from the perfected design. San Francisco will possess this beautiful memorial, which she owes to the generosity of her public-spirited citizen, the late James Lick. The California millionaire left a special bequest of \$60,000 for the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of our best national hymn, the "Star-spangled Banner." The commission for the monument was awarded, in February, 1885, to Mr. William W. Story, whose reputation is long established as one of the most eminent of American sculptors. After two years' work in Rome, Mr. Story completed his task; and the monument was shipped to California in the *Pietro B.*, of Genoa, arriving safely in San Francisco about five weeks since.

The monument will be 51 feet high, from the base to the top of the flag. The figure of America surmounting it will be 8 feet in height, and that of Key will be a little larger than life-size. The figure of America stands out in bold attitude holding in her right hand the Star-spangled Banner, the folds of which are half gathered around her form. The pedestal upon which she rests is a beautiful block of marble, each corner of which is surmounted by a miniature eagle. The seated figure of Key is pensive and dignified, with a thoughtful look on the face. The bas-reliefs on the sides of the monument are 4 feet in height and of bronze. They represent a group of figures singing the "Star-spangled Banner," and a *fac-simile* of the verses as written.

The statues and the bas-reliefs are of bronze, while the body of the monument is carved from Roman travertine, the warm-yellowish, calcareous stone so familiar in the Eternal City, and of which St. Peter's and portions of the Coliseum are constructed. The site chosen for the monument is in the children's playground at the park, south of the conservatory valley. It will be placed on level ground, where a fine view of it can be had.

The patriotic lawyer-poet whose memory is thus proudly perpetuated lies beneath a plain marble slab in the Cemetery of Mount Olivet, Baltimore, in which city he died, January 11th, 1843.

#### THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE FIRE.

THE long run of Bronson Howard's comedy, "The Henrietta," was interrupted by the fire which broke out in the Union Square Theatre on Tuesday afternoon of last week, partially destroying the interior of that popular play-house, and doing considerable damage to the Morton House, of which integral structure it is a part. Like several of New York's theatre fires of late years, this happily occurred at a time when there was no audience in the building, and the stage was deserted, save for a few carpenters and scene-painters. The fire, which was of mysterious origin, and broke out in the loft between the ceiling and the roof of the auditorium of the theatre, at one time threatened to destroy the entire building, including both the theatre and the hotel, and to sweep away the entire block. The firemen, however, after a sharp struggle, succeeded in getting the flames under control, though not until six or seven of their number had been injured by the falling of a portion of the upper gallery. As to the losses, the uncertainties of theatrical speculation complicate the estimates somewhat; but it is probable that Manager J. M. Hill's direct losses on the decorations, scenery, etc., destroyed by fire and water, will reach the sum of \$25,000. His prospective losses on the business of "The Henrietta" for the three weeks it had yet to run may be \$8,000 gross, including both his rent for the theatre and his profits from an interest in the business. Whether he will be forced to lose much because of delay in the production of "A Possible Case," which is underlined to follow Mr. Howard's comedy, is a question, for the theatre may be restored in a month, unless, indeed, it be decided to rebuild it entirely, as there is now some talk of doing. Mr. Hill had an insurance of \$11,250 on the fittings of the house. The group of buildings in which the theatre and hotel are situated belong to the Courtlandt Palmer estate. The loss to the portion in which the theatre stands is estimated at \$45,000, on which there was an insurance of \$33,000.

The Union Square Theatre was originally opened in 1871. Under the management of Messrs. Shook and Palmer, who retired in 1884, it became one of the leading stock theatres of New York. Mr. J. W. Collier succeeded to the control of the house, and in 1885 Mr. Hill secured the lease, which he still holds.

#### CHICAGO CLUBHOUSES.

THE Lake Metropolis, which is already the rival of New York in many respects, makes an especially magnificent showing as to clubhouses. Exterior views of seven of these social palaces, representing almost as many diverse modern tendencies in architecture, have been drawn by Mr. Chapin for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. They are the Calumet, the Chicago, the Union League, the Union, the La Salle, the Farragut, and the Washington Park. The Calumet has a membership of about 500, all men of wealth, such as Messrs. Armour, Alerton, Blair, Keith, Pullman, Peck, and others equally well known. The clubhouse, on the northeast corner of Michigan Avenue and Twentieth Street, is indeed grand enough to have been built by millionaires. It is an immense building of red brick, with brownstone trimmings, and has huge plate-glass windows. The many fine residences in its immediate vicinity appear diminutive by comparison. The 500 wealthy men who built the Calumet Clubhouse did not, we may be sure, leave it empty. They have furnished it with a magnificence which, while it does not equal in some respects that to be seen in the

residences of a number of its wealthiest members, yet surpasses that to be found in the homes of the majority, notwithstanding the fact that they average "pretty well up." The Union Clubhouse, at Washington Place and Dearborn Avenue, is a handsome Queen-Anne-ish structure, considerably more luxurious, it is safe to say, than any domicile occupied by that fair sovereign in her lifetime. The Union is the north-side rendezvous of the Chicago elite. It has about 450 members, who in comparison with their Calumet brethren as to wealth and standing have no need to take a back seat. Indeed, fully 100 of the members belong to both clubs. The Union Club formerly occupied the celebrated Ogden mansion, noted as having escaped the great conflagration of 1871 while brick buildings all about it went down. The Chicago Club, whose comparatively modest home is situated at 45 Monroe Street, has about 400 members, including a great many of the wealthiest business men. The Union League, La Salle, Farragut and Washington Park Clubs are all elegantly domiciled, according to their respective requirements, and play conspicuous parts in the artistic ensemble of a splendidly built city.

#### HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN GENNADIUS, GREEK ENVOY TO THE UNITED STATES.

IT has been many years now since Greece has had a diplomatic representative at Washington; her first Minister, M. Ranghabe, having been recalled, or resigned, a year or two after his appointment (in 1870). But she now—for the loss in the interim—appoints one of her most distinguished diplomats as her Envoy Extraordinary to the United States—John Gennadius. He comes from a noted Greek-Albanian family of Gennadius, long established at Dholiana, in the mountains of Northern Epirus, claiming descent from George Gennadius Scholarius, the first Patriarch of Constantinople after its conquest by the Turks, the family having originally emigrated from the Isle of Scio. George Gennadius, the father of the present Minister, was graduated at Leipsic, and returning to Bucharest, became the successor of his great master, Photiades, and serving with distinction under General Favier he fought through the Greek Revolutionary War of 1824-26 as a private soldier, refusing the high office of a General, and after the war that of Minister. He resumed his vocation of teacher, and devoted his entire time and energies to the organization of the present admirable school system of Greece, which is free to all, from the primary to the highest honors the University can confer. Few names in modern Greek history are more honored or revered than that of George Gennadius.

John Gennadius was born in Athens, in 1849, where he was educated at the University. His mother and grandmother gave proof, in the national struggle, of much self-denial and fortitude, and their ancient family was one of those inscribed by the conquering Venetians on their *libro d'oro*. A successful career in the Athens University fitted "The Master's" son for the diplomatic service, but for political reasons he elected to begin life as a merchant and writer. In 1870 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Washington, under M. Ranghabe, but before starting for that post was transferred as Second Secretary of Legation to Constantinople. Four years afterwards, 1874, he was promoted to London, where he was Chargé d'Affaires during the eventful period of the Russo-Turkish War. He was subsequently a member of the Greek Mission to the Berlin Conference in 1877, and took part in the negotiations for the rectification of the Greek frontier, in 1880. A signal triumph of M. Gennadius was the satisfactory adjustment of the long-standing difference concerning the revolutionary Greek loans of 1824-45. In 1880, when leaving London, he was presented with an address by the Greek Committee, under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, and shortly afterwards Oxford University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. In 1882 he was sent to Vienna as Chargé d'Affaires, and in 1885 was transferred to London, where, in 1886, he was promoted to Minister Resident and accredited also to The Hague. He is the youngest Minister to the Court of St. James. Minister Gennadius possesses all the qualities to render him a great social favorite in official and high society circles at the capital of the nation—good looks, winning manners and linguistic accomplishments of a high order. While Envoy to the United States, he is also accredited Minister to the Courts of three or four of the European Powers. He is a firm believer in the future of his race, and ardently longs for the liberation of the heroic land of Pyrrhus and Scanderbeg.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE *Electrical Review* says that the lightning-rod is a relic of superstition, and that the day will come when a lightning-rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a door.

It is said that many serious errors have been made in the construction of the Lick Observatory, which will have to be corrected at great expense before it can be turned over to the California University.

The reason hair curls when wound on a hot iron is that the moisture on the side next the iron being evaporated by the heat, the cells in that part approach each other more closely, and this shrinking of one side causes a bend or curve.

Two observers, a French and an Austrian, have recently shown the curious effect exerted upon the acuteness of any given sense by the simultaneous exercise of any other sense. They show, for instance, that hearing is improved by light, especially red or yellow, and that this action is reciprocal and is exerted on every sense by all others. The results are very curious and interesting.

The meteorological phenomena accompanying the building of railroads in Mexico are receiving the attention of scientific men in that country. Recent serious damage done by washouts on the northern section of the Mexican Central Road was due to waterspouts bursting on the track, and it is a curious fact that waterspouts seem to be attracted by the iron track and telegraph wires. Engineers on the line of the Guadalupe branch of the Mexican Central Railway have noted that as fast as the construction advances rain follows, and they hold that this is due to the large lot of steel rails on flat cars which are carried forward as fast as the work of construction permits. The most noticeable fact is that the country is dry in advance of the construction trains, and also behind them for many miles. Rains beat down, as described, in bucketfuls just where the steel rails are, but only in circles a few miles in diameter.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE reduction of the public debt during February was \$7,756,366.

THE Spanish Senate has approved a Bill establishing trial by jury.

DURING the last sixteen years 25,000 sailors on British ships have been lost at sea.

TWENTY-EIGHT counties in Michigan have voted for prohibition under the Local Option Law.

It is said that the sarcophagus containing the body of Alexander the Great has been discovered at Saida.

SOME twenty-five persons were killed, on the 27th ult., by the explosion of the boiler of a ferry-boat at South Vallejo, Cal.

THE House of Representatives last week adopted a resolution of respect to the memory of the late William W. Corcoran.

THE Dominion Government has discontinued the suits against the American fishing-vessels *Adams* and *Doughty*.

By the latest report of the Agricultural Bureau the number of sheep in the United States is shown to have fallen to 43,544,755.

A MAN who is in jail in Nebraska for stealing a steer has been notified that he is heir to \$30,000 left by his father in Germany.

THE House of Representatives has passed a Bill providing for the erection of an Appraiser's building, and perhaps a new Custom House, in New York.

THE village of Valtorta, in the north of Italy, was partly buried by an avalanche last week, many houses being wrecked and some thirty persons killed.

THE recent cyclone at Mount Vernon, Ill., caused the death of twenty-five persons, injured 215, and over 500 houses, which were occupied by 2,000 persons, were destroyed.

THE British House of Commons has adopted the new procedure rules proposed by the Government. They greatly restrict the power of the minority to obstruct the course of legislation.

THE Austro-Hungarian Government is arranging for a considerable increase of the army, so that it may be placed on the same footing as the armies of France and Germany.

THE New York Grand Jury failed to indict Jay Gould and Russell Sage on the charges of misappropriating \$3,000,000 of Denver Pacific bonds, on the ground that the offense is outlawed.

THE presence of eighty-three students in electrical engineering at Cornell University is an indication of the rapid growth of the interest in the application of electricity to engineering problems.

THE New Jersey Prohibitionists last week elected delegates to the National Convention to be held in Indianapolis in June, and declared in favor of the nomination of General Clinton B. Fiske for President.

THE House of Representatives passed resolutions accepting the invitation of France to participate in the Paris Exposition and to hold a conference of the American republics in Washington next year.

At the recent elections in France, General Boulanger, although not a candidate, received nearly 60,000 votes in different Departments for Deputy. Charges that he promoted his own candidacy are being investigated by the Government.

PROFESSOR LENZ, the African traveler, writes that there are no grounds for the assumption that Stanley has met with disaster. If any misfortune had befallen Stanley, he says, news of it would have reached the nearest Congo station long ago.

A CONVENTION of nearly 600 representative West Virginians was held at Wheeling, last week, for the purpose of organizing a movement to encourage immigration and develop the resources of the State. A bureau for pushing on the work was formed.

MR. SHERMAN last week reported favorably in the United States Senate a Bill for the further exclusion of Chinese from the United States, and a resolution requesting the President to negotiate a treaty with China having that object in view. The latter was adopted.

A BILL has been introduced in the House of Representatives which proposes to amnesty all offenses committed against the internal revenue laws by moonshiners, illicit distillers, etc., down to the 22d of February last. The Bill comes from a South Carolina Representative.

THE Wisconsin Supreme Court has declared inoperative the law enacted by the last Legislature which permitted habitual drunkards, under certain circumstances, to be confined in an asylum not to exceed two years, on the ground that it made a penal offense out of simple drunkenness.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill to incorporate the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua with a capital of \$100,000,000, for the construction, equipment, management and operation of a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, either entirely through the territory of the Republic of Nicaragua, or through Nicaragua and in part through the territory of the Republic of Costa Rica.

THE Bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to use any part of the surplus that in his judgment is expedient for the purchase of bonds in the open market has passed the House of Representatives, after being amended to provide for the cancellation of the bonds purchased. As the Senate has already practically committed itself to the policy of the Bill, there is no doubt of its becoming a law.

THE Canadian Railroad Commissioners have submitted a report to the Dominion Parliament strongly pronouncing in favor of commercial union with the United States whereby the natural products or manufactures of either country should be admitted free of duty to the other, and suggesting that the Dominion Government enter into negotiations with the United States to arrange, if possible, a reciprocal treaty.

THE advantages of arbitration in the settlement of labor disputes has just been illustrated at Pittsburgh, Pa. Some time ago the Pittsburgh Tube Company offered a reduction of 10 per cent. in the wages of the workers in some departments, and 16 per cent. in others. This the men objected to, and the question was left to arbitration. The arbitrators investigated all the facts of the case, and last week decided that there should be no reduction of wages. This decision is most important, as it is understood that it will settle the wages of about 6,000 men engaged in wrought-iron pipe-making.



## ALASKAN GLACIERS.

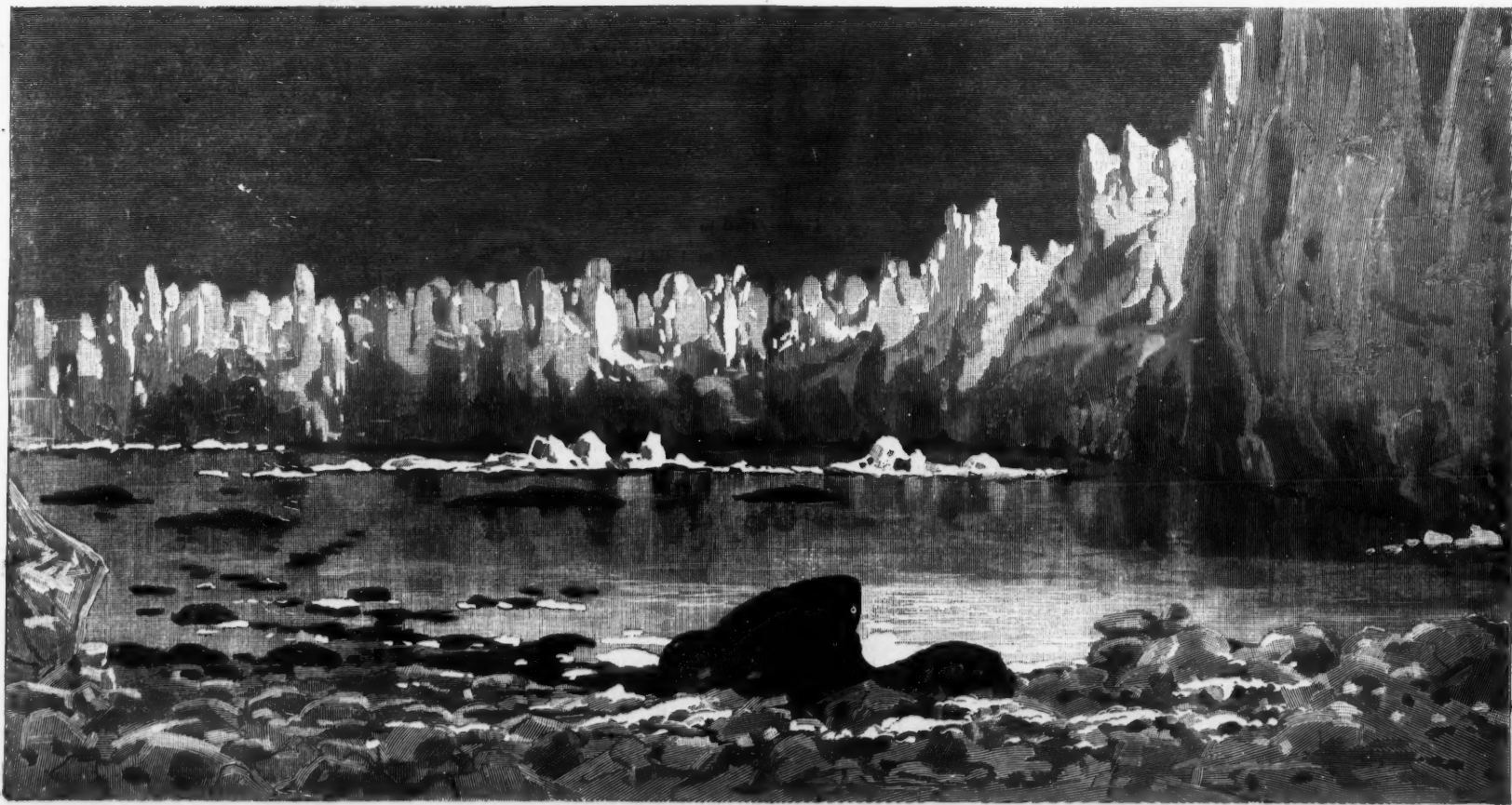
AMONG all the scenic attractions of Alaska, Glacier Bay, on the southwestern coast, is reputed by all who have explored the Territory the grandest, most beautiful and most interesting. There is nothing that can equal it on this continent, and nothing in the Old World that has at once its grandeur and its picturesque beauty. The bay itself is a wide, long, natural inlet, leading in a northwesterly direction far away towards a range of snowy peaks. Uninhabited, and first visited by a white man only a few years ago, when John Muir penetrated to its head, the bay never fails to call forth the highest encomiums alike of the traveled and those who are novices in sight-seeing. When Alaska is more generally visited, Glacier Bay will be the feature of attraction. A writer who visited the bay thus describes the glacier which is depicted on this page: "It was nearly sunset when we began to near the Muir Glacier, and the day was nearly ended when the towering cliff was reached at last and our now dwarfed ship anchored near the frowning precipice. The shades of evening had gathered about the islands passed during the afternoon, and half hid from sight the lower



HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN GENNADIUS, GREEK ENVOY TO THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO. BY WALLERY.—SEE PAGE 59.

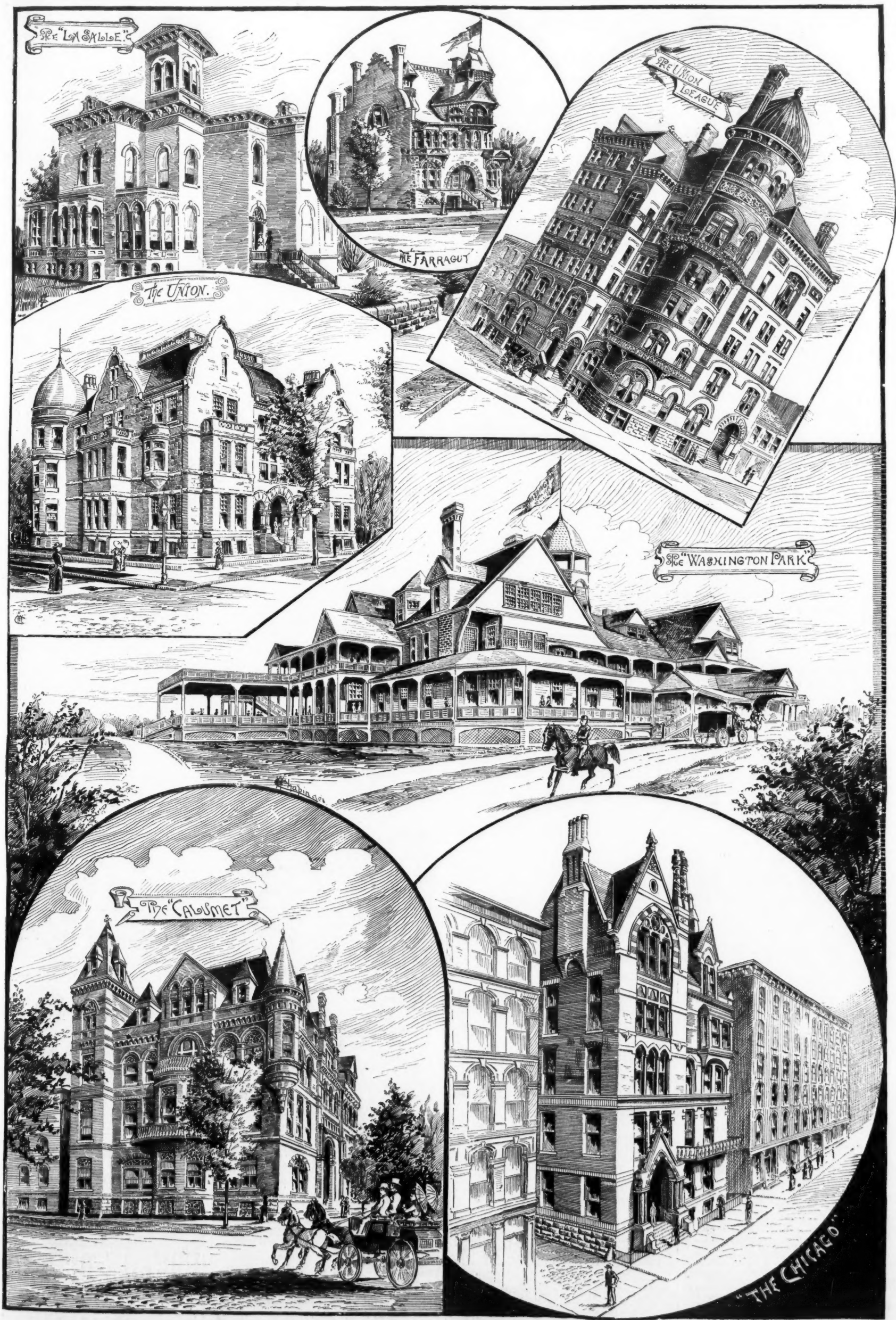


CALIFORNIA.—THE LICK MONUMENT TO FRANCIS S. KEY, TO BE ERECTED AT SAN FRANCISCO.  
PHOTO. BY TABER.—SEE PAGE 59.



ALASKA.—THE MUIR GLACIER, ON GLACIER BAY.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY T. W. INGEBOLL, ST. PAUL.





ILLINOIS.—THE PRINCIPAL CLUBHOUSES OF CHICAGO.  
FROM SKETCHES BY CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 59.



ranges and the trackless forests far away. But the fairweather peaks were visible still, and glowed with a ghostly light in their isolated height like heaps of phosphorus hung above the trees. Around us floated icy fragments, grinding against one another, or floating solitary and majestic down their watery way. The air was sharp and cold, and a gloom, familiar on November days at home when the sky is overcast, and flecks of snow begin to fall and daylight fades away, hovered about the scene. Now a deadly silence reigned, and again a loud, harsh moan was heard as the glacier cracked, or a long-continued roar broke the stillness as a mass of snow and ice, tottering a moment, fell headlong into the space below. The scene was grand past all conception, wild and awful, hushing all with admiration. No other wonder of Nature equals this glacier of untold age as it comes silently, yet irresistibly, down from its birthplace to the sea, crying as it moves—the embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all life. All the glaciers of Switzerland combined would not equal this of Glacier Bay."

#### THE EQUITABLE.

THE RECORD of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY for 1887 has attracted widespread attention in insurance and financial circles in all parts of the country. The energy and activity which characterize every department of the administration of this great institution have never been more forcibly exemplified than in the work and the results of the past year. Over one hundred and thirty-eight millions of new insurance placed, on which, with that previously in force, nearly twenty millions of dollars in premiums were paid, and carrying the total of outstanding risks to nearly five hundred millions of dollars, demonstrates not only the extent but the character and the management of the organization. Ten millions of dollars were paid last year to policy-holders, and the net assets of the Equitable now exceed eighty-four millions of dollars, or a surplus over all liabilities, computed by the most careful standard, of over eighteen millions of dollars. Like its great granite building on Broadway, a landmark in New York, the Equitable stands among all similar corporations and institutions of finance and trust a synonym for vigor, strength and integrity. In the new Equitable Building may be found attractions to visitors second to none in New York, and its brilliant corridors, beautiful restaurant and parlors are daily thronged by spectators interested in the artistic merit of its design and appointments, while its "Lawyers' Club" rooms are becoming the favorite downtown resort not only of the legal profession, but of leaders in all branches of business.

[From the New York Daily Graphic, February 14.]

#### ELECTRIC LIGHT CHANGES.

THE AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY ABANDONS SELLING, AND BECOMES A MANUFACTURER SOLELY OF ELECTRIC LIGHT APPARATUS.

AMONG the surprises in connection with the development of the American Electric Manufacturing Company of this city, the latest is that by which the company becomes in fact, as it is in name, a manufacturer only of electric lighting apparatus, and nothing more. This, it will be seen, is a new departure, and an innovation upon the ordinary methods of conducting the business of electric lighting in America as well as in Europe. The American Electric Manufacturing Company has been impelled to take this step on account of the rapid growth of its business, which had begun to make it too unwieldy for being effectually handled and operated to advantage. In making this new departure, therefore, the American Company has simply adopted a plan of business similar to that in general practice by the textile and other great manufacturing concerns of the country.

To bring about this new and desired order of things, the American Electric Construction Company of New York has been organized with ample cash capital. This company has concluded a contract with the American Electric Manufacturing Company by which it will buy from that company its entire output of electrical apparatus for the United States, except New England, paying cash for the same, and will conduct its own sales, construction, collections, and general business in its own way and on its own responsibility. In this manner the American Electric Manufacturing Company becomes a manufacturing corporation, simply and solely, selling its apparatus to the Construction Company for cash, and is thus relieved of the entire responsibility of sales and collections, and the work and detail incident thereto.

The new Construction Company is composed of well-known business men of New York and Boston who have devoted both time and study and mature attention to the subject of electric lighting and the arranging of new plans to promote the enterprise upon a solid commercial basis. The American Electric Manufacturing Company will, within a few weeks, move into its new factory, where it will have ample room for the great increase in its business. Its present factories in Eleventh and Twenty-third Streets, and the extensive plant of the Electrical Development and Manufacturing Company of Boston, will be consolidated in the new factory. President and General Manager Goff of the American Electric Manufacturing Company will be assisted in the conduct and management of the new factory by Mr. H. C. Adams, formerly Secretary, but now Secretary and Treasurer, of the company; Mr. A. R. Brown, General Manager of the Electrical Development and Manufacturing Company in Boston; and Mr. B. H. Cook, the present Superintendent of the Eleventh Street factory. Professor Wood, Electrician of the American Electric Manufacturing Company, will have his laboratory and experimental rooms greatly enlarged in the new quarters, a thing that was much needed in consequence of the great increase of the company's business.

It is understood that a Construction Company for New England, under the management of Dr. Robert Amory, similar in plan and purpose to the one already formed, will soon be organized; and also one for Canada, one for Europe and one for Mexico and South America, thus covering, as it were, most of the civilized world. The accomplishment of these projects, it will be seen, opens up a vast field for electric lighting, much of it unoccupied, and affords opportunities for the extension of the "American system" of electric lighting that is practically illimitable.

In its new factory, the American Electric Manufacturing Company, it is said, intends to have facilities for turning out electrical apparatus of a capacity to produce about 300 lights of 2,000 candle power each per week. The construction companies, organized and to be formed, will, it is confidently believed, take the entire output of the company as fast as it can be manufactured.

The above article from the Tribune of this morning suggested the idea that, in addition to what is there given, the views of some of the officials and principal stockholders regarding the new departure might be of interest in connection with the reproduction of the same by the Graphic. A reporter visited the office of the company, on Cortlandt Street, and in conversation with the officials there learned that the article in question was quite correct, and a seemed pleased and confident regarding the company's prospects in its new character as a manufacturing corporation, with the sales of all the electric lighting apparatus it can turn out fully assured and provided for.

Some of the principal and best known stockholders of the American Company in this city were seen, and their views regarding the new order of things

canvassed. All of those seen, without exception, expressed their warmest and heartiest approval of the change, believing it to be one that promised the best results. The feeling seemed to be that the American Company, having fully established the superiority of its apparatus over all other systems of electric lighting, the time was now ripe for the establishment of its manufacturing business upon an improved commercial basis, wherein its capital and the entire time and talents of its officers and employees could be devoted to the development and construction of its improved apparatus.

One of the stockholders called upon said: "President Goff has always taken progressive, and even radical, but at the same time sound views regarding the development and extension of the electric lighting business as a commercial enterprise. Sometimes, I will acknowledge, I have thought his views and methods too radical, and that he acted too hastily upon some of his conceptions. Events have shown, however, that in all his plans and projects he has been actuated by the one idea and determination of first having the 'American system' fully established and recognized as the best system of electric lighting known to modern science, and then to mature such a plan or system as would enable the American Electric Manufacturing Company management to devote the entire capital and the forces at their command to the manufacture and development of its apparatus. This end has now been reached and the desired change accomplished. The 'American system' is acknowledged to be the best in existence, and it is, therefore, time for the Manufacturing Company to assume its true position as a manufacturing corporation entirely, leaving to construction companies, organized with ample capital, the business of promoting electric lighting everywhere, and of drawing their supplies of apparatus from the parent company, for which they will pay cash on delivery, and running all risks of collection and other incidental matters of business detail. The separation of the two branches of the business, one from the other, is a wise one and one that will be beneficial to both, and I think, under the improved and new order of things, that the American Electric Manufacturing Company is about to enter upon a period of surprising and unexampled prosperity."

#### FUN.

THE electric light in cities is a very great convenience, but drunken men find it a long distance between posts.—*Somerville Journal*.

"STOP THIEF!" Reader, don't steal one, but buy a bottle of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. 25c. Rub the SALVATION OIL in and you will rub the pain out. Get only the genuine. 25 cts.

"Young man," said a cross old lady on a street-car, "terbacker-smoking makes me sick." "It used to make me sick, too, ma'am," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar; "but, Lord, you'll get used to it after a while."—*New York Sun*.

A MEAN QUESTION.—"The ark was built in a warm country, wasn't it, teacher?" asked the bright girl of the class. "Yes; 'what is now known as Asia Minor.'" "Then where did Noah get two polar bears from?" Teacher (crushed)—"Go down foot."

#### "OBSTINATE."

THIS lady was not obstinate, but the disease which vexed her was. For ten years she had a weary and broken-down feeling, with neuralgia and internal troubles, among which were heart palpitation and stomach disorder, accompanied with great pain in the head. Her first report after beginning to take Compound Oxygen showed but little improvement, but she kept on cheerily and hopefully until steady gain rewarded her patient efforts. A month later she noted the temporary disappearance of most of her symptoms. For a while they troubled her by occasional return. In a few weeks she wrote: "The most obstinate symptom is the head trouble. Other symptoms not so severe." Again: "I am now on the third treatment; my stomach and pain in the heart have not troubled me at all since the first three or four days of using it. I am steadily increasing in flesh and strength. You cannot imagine how much I have improved in my looks." Thus do the most obstinate maladies yield to the Compound Oxygen treatment; and sufferers who have hardly dared hope to be well have been refurnished with vigor and vitality.

This is a deeply interesting subject. Would you learn more about it? Write to DR. STARKEY & PALLEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for books, which will be sent free and will tell all you ask to know.

#### FOR AN IRRITATED THROAT,

Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches," are offered, with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.—[Advt.]

#### CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to PROF. J. A. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

#### Be Wary.

Never take a druggist's word who slanders us or our goods. When you get "RIKER'S PREPARATIONS" look out for fraud, as many druggists in New York and vicinity HATE us most cordially, as I would resort to ANY MEAN TO KICK us out of business. You buy all RIKER'S PREPARATIONS with the legal guarantee that if they do not suit YOU get your MONEY BACK AT ONCE. Take no one's WORD against us, but BUY and EXAMINE FOR yourself at your leisure. Please examine our goods CAREFULLY and BE SURE they have not been TAMPERED with before you use them; also see that our TRADE-MARK is there. It is easy to counterfeit a label or wrapper, and RIKER'S second-hand bottles are to be had by thousands and tens of thousands, but they won't try the TRADE-MARK business; they might burn their fingers.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

#### A LUCKY CLERK.

HE DRAWS \$5,000 IN THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

CHARLES A. TREANOR, bookkeeper for the Russ Lumber and Mill Company in this city, is undoubtedly a "lucky man." Just before the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery in New Orleans on January 10th, he bought half of ticket No. 6,419, which drew the fourth capital prize of \$10,000; so now Mr. Treanor is the happy possessor of \$5,000, less Wells, Fargo & Co.'s commission for collecting the same. He stated to a Bee reporter yesterday that The Louisiana State Lottery Company had paid the amount promptly, and that he now has it, but has not decided what he will do with his fortune. He says that the other half of the ticket was sold in fifths throughout the United States, and he does not know the holders of them. Mr. Treanor has been bookkeeper for the Russ Lumber Company for five years, and when he drew this \$5,000 was worth in real estate at least \$10,000; so that, although very welcome, it will not raise him from poverty. He resides at 343 Tenth Street with his mother, his father being dead, and supports her. He is an intelligent young man of about 30 years, wears gold-rimmed spectacles, and is of slight stature. He has tried his luck often before, having purchased over 100 tickets, and has been uniformly successful in drawing small amounts, ranging from \$5 to \$100. These winnings have kept him even with the amount expended for tickets, and he acted upon the adage, "Nothing venture, nothing have," to quote his exact words.—*San Diego (Cal.) Bee*, Feb. 3.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

Sold by all Druggists.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Gout or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs. For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Get it of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Golden Hair Wash  
This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

C. WEIS  
Mfr. of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'dway, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

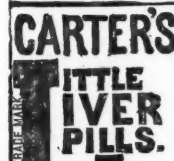
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

ONLY FOR Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan. Use PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable. For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular. BRENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray St., New York.

#### SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

#### COSTUMES

MADE TO ORDER For Dramatic Artists. WEDDING, EVENING, RECEPTION Dinner Toilettes. THE RICHEST SATINS, SILKS AND VELVETS.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

#### EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

#### COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

PRICE \$1.80 UNIVERSITY PIANOS  
FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD. SOLD DIRECT TO FAMILIES, saving the enormous expenses of agents. Sent with beautiful cover, stool and book, for trial in your own home before you buy. Guaranteed six years. Send for catalogue to Marchal & Smith Piano Co., 285 E. 21st St., N. Y.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

#### BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters. AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



## The First Symptoms

Of all Lung diseases are much the same: feverishness, loss of appetite, sore throat, pains in the chest and back, headache, etc. In a few days you may be well, or, on the other hand, you may be down with Pneumonia or "galloping Consumption." Run no risks, but begin immediately to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Several years ago, James Birchard, of Darien, Conn., was severely ill. The doctors said he was in Consumption, and that they could do nothing for him, but advised him, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine, two or three months, he was pronounced a well man. His health remains good to the present day.

J. S. Bradley, Malden, Mass., writes: "Three winters ago I took a severe cold, which rapidly developed into Bronchitis and Consumption. I was so weak that I could not sit up, was much emaciated, and coughed incessantly. I consulted several doctors, but they were powerless, and all agreed that I was in Consumption. At last, a friend brought me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. From the first dose, I found relief. Two bottles cured me, and my health has since been perfect."

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

### Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

ENTERPRISING, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make \$1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

### TO THE LADIES.

If you use perfumery at all, it should be nice. To be scented up with poor perfumery is horrid, simply horrid. You are sure of something nice if you obtain EUGENE RIMMEL'S EXTRACTS. His goods are popular all over the world, and particularly with the elite of London and Paris. The special odors, Hlang-Hlang, Sweet Violets, White Heliotrope, Henna, Vanda, Chinese Bouquet, are just exquisite. These odors, and all the popular ones of the day of his make, are obtainable at nearly all the leading druggists. Ask for EUGENE RIMMEL'S.

## \$10 REAL VALUE FREE!

Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication. It contains 100 perforated stamps of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is a real work of art; no stamping outfit has ever been offered heretofore, on which so many things like so much artistic ability has been brought to bear. With each outfit is a BOX OF BEST STAMPING POWDER, P.B. AND BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, giving full directions for stamping, telling how to make the powder and stamping paint, containing instructions for Luster, Kensington and Hand painting, telling colors to use in painting—red, white, blue, yellow, pink and other flowers; also contains hints and instructions on other matters, too numerous to mention. Bought singly, or a few at a time, at usual prices, the equal of the above would cost \$10. Although it is free, yet this is the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits** and on every hand is acknowledged to be superior, yes, very much superior, and very much more desirable than those that have been selling for \$1 each and upwards. By having 200,000 of these outfits made for us, during the full season, we get them at first cost, the manufacturer was glad to take the order, at cost, that his help might be kept at work. All may depend that it is the very best artistic and in every way desirable outfit ever put before the public. Farm and Housekeeper (monthly, 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year) is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America; it is entertaining and of great interest, as well as useful; its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. Furthermore, we have lately become managing owners of that grand monthly, **Sunshine, for youth also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered**; 16 large pages, 64 long columns, regular price 75 cents a year. Sunshine is known favorably as the best youth's monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors. It is now quoted all over the world as standing at the head. Both papers are splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take 200,000 trial year subscribers at a price which gives us but a moderate portion of the cost.

Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either FREE! of the papers, will receive free by mail our new 100 pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscribers will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, \$2 cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, \$5 cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, \$1. For \$1 send a dollar bill, but for less, send 1-cent postage stamps. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers sent by the mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While trial year subscribers are served for much less than cost, it proves the rule that a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year; through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that satisfies us.

The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits**—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sizes of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the **Regal Queen**. Below are a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies for Scarf, 7 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsia; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this **Regal Queen** of stamping outfits—in all 100 patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider children's and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily make money by doing stamping, Luster, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the **Book of Instructions** makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be without it. The beautiful designs of this **Regal Queen** of outfits are ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from \$1 to \$5 for outfits that were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 278 PORTLAND, MAINE.

**FREE!** The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the **Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits**—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sizes of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the **Regal Queen**. Below are a list of a few of the patterns; space is too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppies for Scarf, 7 1-2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1-2 inch; 3 Splendid Tinsel design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberries; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossoms; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsia; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Clown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this **Regal Queen** of stamping outfits—in all 100 patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embroider children's and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily make money by doing stamping, Luster, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the **Book of Instructions** makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for HOME and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be without it. The beautiful designs of this **Regal Queen** of outfits are ALL THE RAGE wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fame spreads, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from \$1 to \$5 for outfits that were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss, that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 278 PORTLAND, MAINE.

**\$75 a Month & expenses to agents. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.**

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That takes dry dirt and mud and clay off your shoes at the door, deposits it underneath out of sight, and doesn't befoul itself, is cleared, by a jar, of the little that clings to it—such a mat! There is one such mat! It is made of steel wire.

Steel for pillows, and bustles, and hair-puffs—why not for door-mats? Never a door-mat half so effective even when new; or a quarter so slightly after the first day's new is off; or a tenth so cheap; or a hundredth part so easy to manage, care for, keep in order—think of keeping an old-fashioned door-mat in order! Ugh!

For dwellings, business houses, hotels and restaurants, cars—the harder the usage the more it is wanted. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$10 each.

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THE LARGEST AND MOST ELEGANTLY APPOINTED  
ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND  
SEASIDE HOTEL IN THE WORLD  
IS OPEN TO RECEIVE GUESTS

Rates by the month, \$2 per day and upwards, according to location of room.  
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Transient Rates, \$3 per day and upwards, according to location of room.

Special inducements made to families and permanent guests. The Hotel is supplied with Elevators and every other modern convenience, including incandescent electric lights, etc. Every room has open grates for wood or coal, and public rooms are also supplied with steam-heaters. The Ball Room can comfortably accommodate 2,500 people. The seating capacity of Dining Room 1,000. J. B. SEIGHERS, Jr., of Chicago, Manager. T. THOMPSON, of New York, Chief Clerk.

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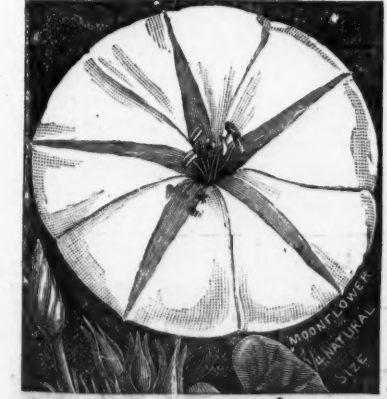
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**BOYS** PHOTOS of noted actresses, 10c.; 60 for 35c. with catalogue. Thurber & Co., Bay Shore, N.Y.

## OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING GARDEN FOR THE



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Are offering Special Inducements in Wool Dress Goods:

2500 yards Tricotine in a variety of Plain Colors at 50c. a yard; good value at \$1.  
1800 yards Ladies' Cloth in Self-colored Checks, all wool, 44 inches wide, at 75c. per yard; worth \$1.  
2200 yards Cheviot Checks, for Tailor-made Suits, all New Designs, 54 inches wide, \$1 per yard.  
1750 yards Plaid Suiting, all wool, 44 inches wide, at 75c. per yard; former price, \$1.25.

Many of the above are suitable for Spring wear; they are remarkable value; and should interest every purchaser of Wool Dress Goods.

### ORDERS BY MAIL

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## JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

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Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (44 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china teasets given away to the party sending an order for \$35. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HANDSOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humping. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINNER SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, NEW YORK. P. O. Box 289.

## GOLD WATCHES FREE!

We will give a Solid Gold Watch and a Solid Gold Chain, just as represented in this cut, (lady's or gentleman's), worth at retail \$75, to anyone telling us in the longest verse in the Bible before April 15th. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a beautiful Chatelaine (solid gold) Watch and Chain worth at retail \$60; the third a Solid Gold Watch and Chain worth \$30; the fourth will receive an elegant Solid Gold 18k Ring worth at retail \$10, and each of the next 20, if there be so many correct answers, a \$1 Gold Piece. With your answer send 16 two-cent stamps (30c. for which we will send you Our Elegant Easter Package, containing an elegant assortment of Easter Cards, Birthday Cards, Sunday School Cards, Reward of Merit Cards, a fine assortment of Scrap Pictures, and our Sample Book of Newest Name Cards. This package would cost more than double this amount at any retail store, and we hope you will send us orders for them when you see them. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Mention this paper. Address CONNECTICUT ART CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**UNIVERSITY ORGANS.** They Lead the World—\$35 to \$500. Sold Direct to Families. No Middlemen. Solid Walnut-5 Octaves-Double Couplers. Guaranteed for Six Years and sent, \$35 with Stool and Book of Hymns. YOUR OWN HOME BEFORE YOU BUY. EXAMINE! MARCHAL & SMITH, 180, East 21st Street, New York.

**FITS** Epilepsy permanently cured by a new system of treatment. Two Trial Bottles sent free. Send for Treatise giving full particulars. Address Epit ptic Remedy Co., 47 Broad Street, N. Y. **FITS**

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S



## VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses So common among the

## Ladies of the World.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacements, also Spinal Weakness and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, fatigues, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times, and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence LYDIA E. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's LIVER PILLS, cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cts per box. —Sold by all Druggists.—

## GUIDE to good HEALTH

Is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids. Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 510 Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Pall Mall Place, Conchoburgh Street, London E.C.

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**FLORIDA** Descriptive and Illustrated Map of the State. Post Paid 15 Cts. FLORIDA OFFICIAL PATH-FINDER SAVANNAH GA.

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JUSTICE—"This is the queerest net I ever saw. It only holds the wretched little fish, while the big ones get away."



**ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS** are the standard remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains and all Local Pains.

They relieve and cure when other applications are without the slightest benefit. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for **ALLCOCK'S**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Arnold,  
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"ANDERSON'S" ZEPHYRS.

Plain Colors, Checks, Stripes  
and Plaids,  
Unexcelled for Durability and Wear.

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Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet Work.

Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

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\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

## THE 28th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES,

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1887.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1887.....\$70,196,260.30

### Income.

Premiums.....\$19,115,775.47  
Interest, Rents, etc.....4,125,073.82 23,240,849.29  
\$93,437,109.59

### Disbursements.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments.....\$5,748,845.60  
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments.....4,313,364.21  
Total Paid Policy-holders.....\$10,062,509.81  
Dividend on Capital.....7,000.00  
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange.....2,321,647.21  
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes.....1,747,997.11 14,139,154.13

Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1887.....\$79,297,955.46

### Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages.....\$23,548,376.48  
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages.....14,355,771.87  
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other Investments.....26,516,182.38  
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, \$827,362).....507,000.00  
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure of mortgages.....6,590,151.74  
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest; and in transit (since received and invested).....7,657,967.50  
Due from Agents on account of Premiums.....122,505.49 \$79,297,955.46  
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over book value.....2,398,921.78  
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....812,361.61  
Premiums, deferred and in transit.....1,869,666.00

Total Assets, December 31, 1887.....\$84,378,904.85

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in this statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McCALL, Comptroller.

Total Liabilities, including legal reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard).....\$66,274,650.00

Total Undivided Surplus, over 4% Reserve.....18,104,254.85

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is.....\$5,917,336.85  
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is.....12,186,918.00

New Assurance written in 1887.....\$138,023,105

Total Outstanding Assurance.....483,029,562

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus.  
From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.

J. G. VAN CISE, Actuary.

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TRICYCLES  
TANDEMS  
DURABLE  
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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE-FREE  
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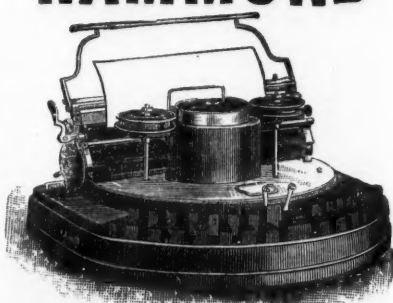
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ON APPLICATION.  
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PRICES THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN AMERICA

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Are at Present  
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**SOHMER**  
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TYPEWRITER

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"The best Typewriter for office work where speed is required."

MECHANICS' FAIR, BOSTON, DEC., 1887.  
Awarded the only Gold Medal.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.,  
75 and 77 Nassau St., New York.

RAWSON'S (Self-Adjusting) U. S. ARMY  
SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Support, Relief, Comfort.  
AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.  
DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.

Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular Mailed Free.  
Sold by Druggists. Sent by mail safely.  
S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.